

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,274, Vol. 49.

March 27, 1880.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE COMING CONTEST.

NEXT week the fight will really begin, and the busy time of preparation will be over. During the last few days there has been interminable speechifying, for the most part of an unedifying sort, profuse expenditure, and a little free-fighting. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE professed to like the disorder which awaited him in Hackney. It reminded him of the good old days when the frank humour of the mob had its swing, and men broke each other's bones for the love of their common country. The further off these good old days get the better for every one, and peaceable men of all parties who like honesty and spirit will lament that Mr. COWEN has been a conspicuous victim of this ancestral violence. But in one way this playfulness of ruffianism has its good side, for it is a symptom of the general interest which the elections excite. Whoever may win, it is at least certain that the contest will have been well fought. Wherever there is a hope there is a hard struggle, and even where there is no hope there is the animation of hoping against hope. There is to be a contest wherever a contest seemed possible, and there is even to be a contest where a contest might have been thought impossible. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE relies on his youth, his name, and a friendly subscription to contest the Conservative stronghold of Middlesex. An adventurous spirit has dared to challenge Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE at Calne; and a still bolder spirit, confiding in the thought that a man who can edit an Indian paper can do anything, has ventured to break the solemn stillness of that home of indignant wisdom, the Elgin Burghs. Even family ties have been rudely snapped, and the sentiment uttered by Mr. GLADSTONE, that an honest politician should oppose his nearest and dearest, has found expression in Marlborough, where the house of BRUCE is divided against itself, and the electors will have to exercise the nicest discrimination between the Christian names of an uncle and a nephew. In this fierce contest, who will win? The simplest answer is that no one knows. Both parties are very confident, and each seems to have good ground for confidence. That both can be right is impossible; but it is quite possible that each should have good grounds for thinking it is right. The Conservatives are very united and very determined, not to say furious, and many more Liberals have gone over to them than Conservatives have gone over to the Liberals. Many people must know among their acquaintances as many of these Liberal defections as would at least equal in amount the electors of an Irish borough. On the other hand, the Liberals can point to many constituencies traditionally Liberal which went over at the last election and which may be expected to be reclaimed; and the three sections of Liberals—the section of the type of the SPEAKER, who say that, "after all, they cling to the party 'of political progress'; the section of the HARTINGTON type, who are sure that their favourite will always uphold the honour of the country, and hope that he will sit comfortably and firmly on his own tail; and the section of the GLADSTONE type, who have at least gone so far as to read and profoundly admire one in fifty of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches—are all, with few exceptions, working harmoniously and vigorously together.

The elections must for the moment be regarded from an electioneering point of view, and every one must be

taken to be not a Conservative who on some conceivable issue would join in trying to turn out the present Government. This, it may be observed, is different from the political point of view; for on such questions as foreign policy and concessions to Ireland a large number of Liberals would vote with the Conservatives, and on such questions as the Irish franchise, the county franchise, county government, and the alteration of the land laws, it will always be open to the Conservatives to outstrip their opponents and once more dish the Whigs. But for mere temporary electioneering purposes the only question is how far the present Ministerial majority will be sustained, increased, diminished, or annihilated. And at the outset it must be owned that in any calculation of the results there are two dark quantities. These are the publicans and the farmers. Any one who walks the streets of London would think that there were no Liberals left in the metropolis. Every public-house from basement to garret is adorned with Conservative placards. Curiously enough, milk and tobacco seem to be strongly Liberal. But what is a man with a modest little cow or a rickety Highlander over his door to his gorgeous neighbour, whose gas glares and whose beer flows in perennial honour of Conservatism? The doubt that the publicans suggest is whether they have not a little overdone the splendid homage to the Crown, the Altar, and the Tap, whether they have not roused some little indignation by their effusiveness, and whether there are not some quiet people who, under cover of the Ballot, will show that they resent what they consider to be the arrogant obtrusiveness of beer. As to the farmers, we know of no reason to suppose that they have turned Liberal, except that, to look at the threatened contests, there must be people who are willing to spend a large amount of money on the speculation that the farmers have become Liberal. In the Home counties especially, which have hitherto been reckoned strongholds of Conservatism, contests are to be fought which, if the statistics of the last general election are to be taken as a guide, seem hopeless. There is to be a contest in East Essex, where two Conservatives were then returned unopposed. There is to be a contest in South Essex, where the Liberals were last time 800 votes below their opponents. There is to be a contest in all three divisions of Kent, whereas in 1874 six Conservatives were easily returned; and out of the three divisions of Surrey two are to be contested, in one of which there was in 1874 no contest, and in the other of which so well-known and highly esteemed a Liberal as Mr. LOCKE KING was defeated by about 1,300 votes. In counties far away, as in two divisions of Cheshire, there are contests of a similar kind to take place. Such contests are of a totally different kind from that of Lord HARTINGTON in North-East Lancashire or that of Mr. GREY in South Northumberland; for there a powerful and recognized Liberal interest is trying to assert itself now as it has done before. It is the contests waged in purely agricultural counties, where Conservatism is triumphant, that deserve attention. Very possibly the Liberals may be beaten all round, and it seems to us safest in making any calculation to suppose that they will be so. But Liberal agents have at any rate persuaded candidates to think that it will not be so; and it may safely be said that, if the Liberals could make any serious impression on the English counties, they would very soon be in office.

Any estimate of the result of the elections must be pure guesswork. All that can be done is to see what chances either party has, and a party may be said to have a chance in any of the following cases. The majority at the last election may have been a very narrow one; or there may be a good candidate on one side and a weak one on the other; or the constituency may on the last occasion of voting have departed from long or strong convictions; or local influence may have changed hands; or one of the parties may be divided by having more candidates than it can possibly carry. For example, in 1874, at Bath, a Conservative got in by a majority of six; another got in at Bedford by a majority of four; another was returned for Thirsk by a majority of one; and a fourth at Northallerton by a majority of seven. In all these cases it is natural to suppose that a Liberal may now have a good chance. This is all that can be said by those who do not know the particular constituencies. In each of the four cases the Conservatives may now not only retain but increase their majorities. Southwark supplies an instance of the chance that depends on the comparative strength of the candidates. For Mr. COHEN is a very strong candidate, and Mr. CLARKE has most unfortunately been prevented by sudden illness from doing justice to himself and his party. Brighton, Cambridge, Devonport, and Falmouth afford examples of constituencies which last time suddenly changed their opinions, and which those who were then defeated hope, vainly or not, to win back. In the Tower Hamlets, at Northampton, Peterborough, and Kidderminster, there is a superfluity of Liberal candidates, and at Gloucester and Leicester there is a superfluity of Conservatives. Marlborough supplies a conspicuous instance of a constituency where it is at present an open question whether local influence has changed hands; and perhaps the same may be said of Abingdon, Andover, Barnstaple, Clitheroe, and Westbury. Then, again, there is Birmingham, where it is hard to believe that the organization of the Liberals can for ever keep out a minority member; and in some large constituencies, and especially some of the metropolitan boroughs, there is to all appearance a tide of opinion just now flowing that may slightly or largely alter the representation. Adding up all these chances on either side, it would appear that there are in England and Wales about forty-five seats which the Liberals may hope to win, and about thirty which the Conservatives may hope to win. This does not at all mean that the Liberals will, on the whole, win fifteen seats. It merely means that, principally because they were defeated last time, and often by small majorities, they have on abstract electioneering principles more to gain than their opponents. In Scotland almost every Conservative county seat is being attacked. There are no less than 17 county contests, and it must be remembered that in 1874 Dumbartonshire was carried for the Conservatives by 53 votes, South Lanarkshire by 21, Roxburghshire by 26, and Stirlingshire by 44. It may be added that among Scotch boroughs the Ayr district was carried by 14 votes, and Wigton by 2. On the other hand the Liberals only carried Caithness by 11 votes, Kircudbrightshire by 4, and Renfrewshire by 8. Where majorities were last time so small, each party that lost then must be held to have a fair chance of success now. But unless Scotch Liberals are altogether wrong, a strong tide of Liberal opinion has lately swept over Scotland, just as we know a strong tide of Conservative opinion swept over Lancashire and the South of England in 1874. No one can say how strong the Scotch tide is; but it may perhaps approximate to truth to say that the Liberals have a chance of winning fourteen Scotch seats, and that the Conservatives have a chance of winning four. As to Ireland it is almost impossible for any one in England even to go so far as to guess on any principles what is likely to happen. We know that men like Sir GEORGE BOWYER and Lord ROBERT MONTAGU have had to retire, that the Home Rulers are quarrelling amongst themselves, and that Conservatives have had to give way on the land question if not on that of Home Rule. If the same bases of calculation were to be applied to Ireland as have been applied above to Great Britain, it might perhaps be said that the Conservatives have a chance of losing thirteen seats and gaining five. But it is idle to speculate about Ireland, and all that can be said is that the Home Rulers believe, or affect to believe, that the loss to the Government will be considerably greater than that of eight seats. At the end of all calculations we get no

further than that the Opposition, used in the most vague and general sense of the term, has a prospect of gaining in Ireland and Scotland, and that, as to England, the secret of the election lies in the bosoms of the electors.

MR. GLADSTONE ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE may perhaps have confirmed in Midlothian the local conviction that the Government is weak, wicked, and corrupt; but, as all the votes which he is likely to influence were already secured, a victory which consists in slaying the slain has little practical value. It is possible that even on some Scotch minds his violent and voluble rhetoric may have produced the same impression which is widely felt in England. Probably the great majority of the educated classes now believe more firmly than they did previously to the two oratorical circuits in Midlothian that, either as a Minister or as a patron of a Ministry, Mr. GLADSTONE would be the most dangerous of living statesmen. He has not on the present occasion repeated, if he has not retracted, his anarchical suggestion that all property in land is, subject to pecuniary compensation, held on the sufferance of the Parliament for the time being. His wanton insult to the Austrian Government and nation is a more conclusive proof of his unfitness to direct the national policy. Lord BEAUFIELD is often apparently careless in his political utterances; but he has probably in his whole life never approached the extravagance of Mr. GLADSTONE's wanton denunciation of a friendly Power. It is not certain whether the attack on Austria was the result of personal irritation at an absurd newspaper report of language addressed by the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH to the English AMBASSADOR. He might have assumed, as the fact was, that the EMPEROR had spoken with dignified propriety, and in any case he ought to have abstained from an ill-bred retort. The ill feeling against an ancient and valuable ally to which Mr. GLADSTONE sought to pledge his countrymen and a future Liberal Government was probably a result of various causes. He once disliked Austria as the chief opponent of Italian unity; and he now fears that the same Power may interfere with the growth of Slavonic power and with the supremacy of the Greek Church in the East. The complaint that METTERNICH had opposed the establishment of Belgian independence was deliberately offensive on the eve of the CROWN PRINCE's marriage with a Belgian Princess. A similar objection might be justly taken to Mr. CROSS's language with reference to Russia; but there is a distinction between an ally and a diplomatic antagonist; and Mr. CROSS has no mission to represent the foreign policy of a party. In the domestic controversies with which Mr. GLADSTONE is more familiar he constantly commits the rhetorical error of trying to prove too much. Even a Scotch Radical must sometimes reflect that the chances are enormously against the truth of the proposition that the Government is always and everywhere in the wrong. In one of his speeches Mr. GLADSTONE boasted that, if he hit hard, he fought fairly. He is apparently unconscious of the gross injustice of attributing to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE the alleged anomaly of the exemption of real property from probate duty. The factious sophism of assuming that the farmers are especially wronged by a tax on personality is intended to widen the differences which may already exist between tenants and landlords.

Reasonable curiosity was excited by Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement that he would on Monday last expound his opinions on the question of disestablishment of the Church of Scotland; but those who have studied his mode of thought anticipate additional obscurity whenever he undertakes to be explicit. On several occasions Mr. GLADSTONE has lately made the whimsical complaint that disestablishment has during the present contest been more often mentioned by its opponents than by its promoters. It is strange that he should be surprised at efforts to expose the conspiracy of silence in which he and the other enemies of the Scotch Establishment have deliberately engaged. They are aware that some votes may be lost by hostility to the National Church, and that none can be gained, because the assailants are without exception members of the Liberal party. The blunder into which Lord HARTINGTON was two or three years ago led by Mr. ADAM has never been in-

tentionally repeated, though it could not be cancelled. The experienced Liberal manager of elections had for once made a serious miscalculation in overlooking the fact that some members of the Established Church had up to that time been Liberals. Either Mr. ADAM or Lord HARTINGTON was responsible for the further menace to the English Church contained in the announcement that no consideration for its security would deter the Liberal leaders from sacrificing the Scotch Establishment to future popular clamour. No one who has watched Mr. GLADSTONE's recent career doubts that he would welcome the opportunity of destroying the Establishment either in England or Scotland. He is never weary of proclaiming the moral superiority of Nonconformist ministers to the English clergy; nor has he ever repudiated the unbounded confidence which is reposed in him by preachers of all denominations. He lately praised the Dissenters for the reticence which they practise during the present contest on the subject in which they are principally interested. They are on their part satisfied that his gratitude for their provisional silence implies a promise to gratify their demands as soon as opportunity occurs. Nearly two-thirds of his Midlothian speeches have been delivered in Free Church places of worship, placed at his disposal by elders and ministers who trust that he will in due time avenge them on their enemies of the Establishment.

The promised disclosure at Gilmerton consisted in a literal repetition of phrases which are unconsciously significant. After the usual remark on the supposed perversity of the friends of the Establishment in calling attention to the danger with which it is threatened, Mr. GLADSTONE once more declared that the question was not immediately urgent, and that, when it might hereafter come to the front, it would be determined in accordance with the wish of the people of Scotland. He drew at great length a distinction between the Irish Church, which he stigmatized as alien and anomalous, and the Scotch Church, which had before the disruption of 1843 been, as he says, supported by a majority of the people. No Manchester murders and no Fenian explosions were needed to produce in Scotland the beneficent result which had been attained in Ireland; and incidentally Mr. GLADSTONE repeated the explanation that it was on the popular mind, and but indirectly on his own, that the Fenian outrages had so effectively acted. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE had really failed to understand the analogy which has been suggested between his past achievements and his possible conduct in the future. None of his critics have supposed that the Free Church agitators would blow up prisons or murder policemen; but they remarked that it had only taken three years to remove the Irish Church, in Mr. GLADSTONE's estimation, into the region of practical politics; and that his convictions on the Scotch Church might perhaps ripen as fast. If he had been under cross-examination in a court of justice, he would have been sharply reminded that he had not answered the question whether he would support disestablishment; but in this case, as in many other instances, reluctance to give evidence is in itself a sufficient answer. It would be discreditable to a statesman of the highest rank, peculiarly interested in ecclesiastical matters, not to have made up his mind on the subject of destroying the most important institution in the country. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not been converted to the doctrines of the Liberation Society, he would not have affected to make his future action conditional on the decision of a future majority. He will of course not destroy any Church, as long as the House of Commons is disposed to maintain it. It is not in this way that he deals with the issues of foreign and domestic policy, which are nevertheless not more important than the maintenance or abolition of the Church.

It would have been easy for Mr. GLADSTONE to say that he retained the opinion which he formerly held, that the Church of England at least ought to be defended against all encroachment. The eagerness with which he assured an inquisitive Dissenting preacher that he was opposed to all further endowments contrasted strongly with his silence on the question of the Establishment. There was in this instance no contention that the question had not become pressing, though nothing can be more improbable than that any such application of public money will be at any time proposed. Mr. GLADSTONE had on this point an opinion of his own; and he was ready to avow it, without waiting for instructions from an electoral majority. It is uncertain whether the Scotch Established Church has

any considerable influence in the constituencies, though it is evident that Mr. ADAM no longer instructs his candidates to alienate any votes which it may control. The English Church, according to Mr. GLADSTONE's questionable statement, is still further in the political background, but those with whom its maintenance is a social and political object of the first importance are powerful by their influence and not contemptible in number. They have now, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's implied disclaimer, received sufficient warning of his opinions, if not of his intentions. They will not even be greatly reassured by the statement that the next Parliament is to occupy itself mainly or exclusively with the extension of the franchise, with the imposition of restrictions on the exercise of ownership in land, and with the transfer of rural authority from justices to elected bodies. It is not impossible that the Nonconformists may become impatient of the postponement of their demands, after a victory which, if it is achieved, will be largely due to their co-operation.

EUROPEAN QUIET.

WHILE we are having so much excitement at home, a spell of profound quiet seems to have come over Europe. There appears to be nothing whatever for Special Correspondents to telegraph. In despair one sends the dimensions of the villa at Baden where the QUEEN is to stay; and another flashes the important announcement that M. GAMBETTA has been advised to give up smoking. This is soothing and refreshing after the disturbing announcements to which we were lately accustomed—movements of troops, projects of new alliances, and deadly attacks on sovereigns. To this happy result every considerable Continental Power has in some measure contributed. France has done something by showing that she neither courted the friendship nor feared the wrath of Russia. In Italy the long debate on foreign affairs ended in the adoption of an order of the day which advocated a policy firm at home and pacific abroad; and this policy was immediately illustrated by the unconditional acceptance by Italy of the Egyptian Commission of Liquidation. Austria lives in a chronic state of Ministerial crisis; but the PRIME MINISTER manages to get along by yielding a little all round, and promising to be very economical. Even in Germany there is a seeming relaxation in the rigour with which not only the Falk Laws, but the laws against the Socialists, are administered, and a Socialist deputy has actually been acquitted in face of the vehement oratory of the Public Prosecutor. Russia has fallen into the arms of Germany, and has begun under stern compulsion to attend to her own business. The strange plan of having a real Czar to be shot at and to govern while the titular Czar eats and drives about under a system of minute precautions, seems for the present to be answering. General LORIS MELIKOFF is now supreme, for the famous Third Section has ceased to exist, and its mysterious and terrific powers are centred in him alone. The Dictator is, however, doing something more than dictating. He is cautiously introducing reforms. Some semblance of life is being imparted to local institutions. We read that at Smolensk the Marshal of the Nobility communicated to the Assembly over which he presided a circular from the MINISTER of the INTERIOR, announcing that the right of Governors to refuse to confirm the elections of District Marshals of the Nobility, on account of their being supposed to be ill affected towards the Government, had been annulled by Imperial order. It is difficult for foreigners to estimate the importance of the announcement; but, at any rate, those to whom it was addressed, and who may be supposed to understand it, received it with a burst of enthusiastic applause. A raid, too, seems to have been made on the erring officials who have been the curse of the country and the chief cause of the distrust which has been shown towards the Government. Of course, as in all such outbreaks of virtuous indignation, great people are overlooked and little people are caught. It does not seem much that a railway official has been sent to Siberia, and that a lawyer has been deported. The people who really robbed the Russian army were much higher up in the scale than that. But it is something that any official should be punished for anything, and sanguine Russians

may hope that influential plunderers, if they have not had a punishment, have at least had a warning.

Among the causes that have contributed to the present state of European quiet, the altered disposition of Russia and the persistent moderation of Austria may be reckoned as the most important. The explosion in the Winter Palace warmed into expansive sympathy the affection of the German EMPEROR for his nephew. On his side the CZAR was ready to give a conspicuous proof that he was not coqueting with France. Prince ORLOFF is too experienced a diplomatist not to have acted under instructions; and if his instructions were at once to make the extradition of HARTMANN a personal matter between Russia and France, and yet to take care that the extradition could not possibly be effected, he has faithfully and punctiliously obeyed them. But Prince BISMARCK gave a helping hand. He allowed to be blazed over Europe one of those non-official communications by which he sets in motion the wheels of his changing policy. He hinted with contemptuous good humour that France was sure not to surrender HARTMANN, for the French Government is young and weak, and only solid and old-established Governments can afford to do their duty to threatened sovereigns. He thus encouraged Russia to treat the surrender of HARTMANN as a question, not of law and justice, but as one dependent on the character of the Government to which it was addressed, and at the same time hinted at the quarter in which the CZAR might find a steady and useful friendship. The reconciliation of Germany and Russia may be primarily the work of the sovereigns, but it has had more or less the approval of Prince BISMARCK; and if Prince GORTCHAKOFF dislikes it, he is now so evidently shelved that his views are comparatively unimportant. To be friendly with Germany is, at the present time, for Russia to be on good terms with England. The CZAR, at a recent audience, appears to have signalled out Lord DUFFERIN as the especial object of his most cordial attention, while he treated General CHANZY as NAPOLEON used to treat the diplomats whose presence he just consented to tolerate. The chances of collision between England and Russia in the East grow daily less. General SKOBLEFF has at last consented to take the command of the expedition against the Turkomans; but it seems to be understood that the means at his command will not suffice to do more than give the Turkomans a lesson, and probably to occupy and fortify posts along the line of communication. On the other hand, Lord CRANBROOK has announced that all projects for handing over Herat to Persia are in abeyance, if not finally abandoned. The transfer of Herat to a nominee of England would naturally have provoked Russia to seek for compensation in the northern provinces of Persia, and England could scarcely have been under a greater disadvantage than to have to encounter Russia on the borders of the Caspian. If Russia and England continue to walk in the paths of common sense, there is no immediate reason why the peace of Asia, any more than the peace of Europe, should be disturbed.

The recent action of Austria has been even more important in contributing to quiet than any change in Russian policy. In fact, it may be surmised that the change in Russian policy is in a great degree due to the action of Austria. It is perhaps affectation to express surprise at anything Mr. GLADSTONE can say; but still it is impossible not to feel some astonishment at the language which Mr. GLADSTONE has used about Austria. Experience has long ago shown that Mr. GLADSTONE could pass five years as Prime Minister without acquiring the knowledge of Continental affairs which it might have been thought must have come without effort to a man in such a position. But it is still wonderful to find that he has not even the knowledge of the ordinary reader of a penny newspaper. He seems to think that Austria is still the Austria of Prince METTERNICH. The kind friends who surround him appear to have managed to get into his head the fact that Austria has become a constitutional country at home; but it would have needed a surgical operation to introduce the idea that the foreign policy of Austria is as much changed as her home policy. Dates make no kind of difference to him, and he spoke quite comfortably about Austrians in Belgium, where no Austrian has been during the present century. He warned the Hungarians against their immoderate love of dangerous annexations—the Hungarians, of all people, who have with great diffi-

culty been persuaded to acquiesce in the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and who have fought over every penny which they considered was being taken out of the country and spent abroad. If we are to speak of all the subjects of the Emperor of AUSTRIA as Austrians, then we may safely say that it is the Austrians who have in the most resolute manner shown their determination to keep Austria out of all costly adventures. Their cry, day after day, has been that they cannot afford to run risks. They might have honestly hoped that they would be recognized as devotees of Peace, Economy, and Reform after Mr. GLADSTONE's own heart. The exhortations to Austria to be up and doing come entirely from the outside. Austria herself turns a very deaf ear to these exhortations. She does not appear to be at all enamoured of the idea of making Pesth the centre of her activity. To visions of domination over the Balkan peninsula and sovereignty in the Aegean, she mildly replies that the realization of such grand projects looks as if it would cost something, and that Austria has not a florin to spare. Austrians think much more of the Arlberg Railway than of the Gulf of Salonica. The great charm of the German alliance is to them that it affords a hope that some day they need not spend quite so much on their army. And not only is Europe thus relieved from the fear of Austrian rashness, but it is obvious that the present attitude of Austria must exercise a considerable effect on the relations of Germany and Russia. If Austria will not consent to be pushed forward by Prince BISMARCK, then Austria gives by her alliance something useful to Germany, but not nearly so useful as might have been hoped. On the other hand, Russia feels more at ease about Austria, and therefore about Germany as the guide and guardian of Austria. Room is thus made for the revival of an old friendship, and so long as Prince BISMARCK allows Germany to be on good terms with Russia, there is no fear of present disturbance in Europe. Thus there is now quiet in Europe, and Europe has largely to thank Austria, and especially Hungarian Austria, for this pleasant state of things.

ELECTION PROSPECTS.

THE innumerable speeches which fill the columns of the newspapers will probably have little effect on the election. As candidates only address their respective supporters, their arguments and their declamations confirm existing opinions and prejudices, or, at the worst, leave them unaltered. Readers of reports have the advantage of comparing, if they think fit, conflicting statements or reasons, but they also have with few exceptions long since made up their minds. Still the ubiquitous debate is in some respects not uninstructive. The issues raised are those which in the judgment of the speakers are likely to decide the contest, and the mode of treatment approximately represents the supposed predilections of the various constituencies. Mr. GLADSTONE's encyclopaedia of party rhetoric is an exception to ordinary rules, though he also has corrected, in deference to public opinion, some of the more extravagant errata of his autumn edition. It is doubtful whether foreign politics will enter so largely into the consideration of the electors as if the dissolution had occurred one or two years earlier. The Turkish war and the Treaty of Berlin are passing into the background of popular interest, though the Government is still thought by friends and opponents either to have displayed commendable spirit or to have engaged in a hazardous and costly policy. Nevertheless the Government and its supporters have won a great moral victory, though they may lose its fruits through the rapid conversion of their adversaries. Every Liberal candidate, including the leaders of the party, now dilates on all occasions on the courage and patriotism with which, as they contend, they have in former times vindicated the honour and power of the country. The clamour against the policy which was nicknamed Imperialism has so wholly subsided that careless politicians almost forget how Mr. GLADSTONE recommended that England should, like women in ancient Greece, be neither seen nor heard in the councils of Europe. The proselytes or penitents who now assume an ambitious and almost warlike tone virtually admit, not indeed that Lord BEACONSFIELD and his supporters were in the right, but that they judged correctly of the temper of the English nation. The flattery

of imitation is the more delicate and gratifying when it is unwillingly offered.

The elections will be less a conflict of opinions than a trial of party strength, impaired or reinforced to a certain extent by the intervention of minor organizations. The Conservatives are, as usual, all of one mind, and the Liberals are more generally united than at the last election. Some of the special auxiliaries on whom they rely are both strong in numbers and zealous in support of the Liberal cause. All the Dissenting preachers, and the bulk of the Dissenting laity, will exhibit the zeal for the Liberal cause which has long made them favourite objects of Mr. GLADSTONE's adulation; but it is doubtful whether they ought not to be counted as part of the main body rather than as mere allies. From the numerous body of advocates of abstinence or of local option must be deducted, for purposes of calculation, the large section which is already reckoned under the head of Nonconformists. The residue will, on the ground that the adverse party is unanimously hostile to their claims, condone the disclaimers of sympathy with their opinions which the Liberal leaders incessantly repeat. The Irish voters in the large towns will throw the whole of their not inconsiderable weight into the scale of the Liberal candidates. Their managers, taking warning by the Liverpool election, have directed that no questions should be asked, and that the Home Rule vote shall in every instance be given against the Government. They are probably not troubled by a doubt, which must press on the minds of Liberal candidates and agents, whether their alliance may not sometimes be rather a loss than a gain. In spite of indignant protests, many simple-minded electors will suspect that the zealous friends of the Liberal party are not at the same time its irreconcilable opponents. The commonplace statement that the Union will be best preserved by justice to Ireland implies a promise of something more than an equalization of the Irish Parliamentary franchise with that of England. It must be inconvenient to a respectable candidate to find himself on the same side with Mr. BIGGAR, who lately expressed a hope that an Irish HARTMANN would be found, apparently to assassinate the QUEEN.

The Conservatives also count on the support of special classes which have no necessary or permanent connexion with the party. The small but powerful body of Jews, once unanimously Liberal, is now perhaps equally divided. The Jewish sympathies which were attracted by the foreign policy of the Government have not been reclaimed by Mr. GLADSTONE's vituperation. His proposition that the Jews of Servia and Roumania could not expect to escape persecution if the Jews of Sheffield voted against Mr. GLADSTONE's candidate has probably not been forgotten. The sneers directed by Mr. LOWE and others against the Semitic descent of Lord BEACONSFIELD are not unlikely to have affected Jewish susceptibilities. The Roman Catholics also, and especially those of rank and fortune, are generally transferring their allegiance to the party with which, but for their own former disqualifications, they would naturally sympathize. Mr. GLADSTONE's Vatican pamphlets, though they really expressed his disappointed sympathies with Rome, may probably have given offence to zealous Catholics; but the cause of their present political tendencies lies much deeper. It is not certain that the change will largely affect the result of the election. The great mass of Irish Catholics resident in England have no connexion with the gentry belonging to the same creed, and they will be guided rather by the Home Rule managers than even by the priests. It must also be remembered that two English Roman Catholic prelates, one of them belonging to an ancient English family, have lately published inflammatory denunciations of the administration of Ireland. The farmers will, as a body, remain true to their familiar colours, though many attempts have been made to disturb their party allegiance. A few tenant farmers will be returned by constituencies generally careless of politics, and anxious to obtain concessions from the landlords; but for the present there is no considerable defection, and the farmers distrust the party which, as soon as it succeeds to power, will take out of their hands the entire county representation.

The league of licensed victuallers is likely to be as formidable as at the last election. Mr. BRIGHT's adroit efforts to conciliate the Birmingham members of the trade appear to have been unsuccessful, though one of them asserted, perhaps truly, that half their number were already Liberals. He probably reserved the fact that, like the

nobleman who compared the claims of his sect and his country on his allegiance, they were licensed victuallers first and Liberals afterwards. Mr. BRIGHT's arguments in favour of Sunday closing appear not to have convinced an audience which understood the fallacy of the precedent which he deduced from the example of other traders. A grocer or a draper might probably not sell an additional article in a week if his shop were open seven days instead of six. A man who buys a pair of gloves on Saturday, does not require another pair on Sunday; but he is extremely likely, if he takes a pint of beer on one day, to require another pint on the next day. The publicans perhaps care as little as Mr. BRIGHT himself for the convenience of the multitude of consumers who would, if all places of entertainment were closed, be unable to obtain either rest or refreshment except in their own homes; but the licensed victuallers knew that every shilling which they might be prohibited from earning on Sunday would be a dead loss. They also regarded with suspicion Mr. BRIGHT's remark that the suppression of a certain number of public-houses would consolidate the monopoly of the rest. In the present day monopolies, though they are extremely profitable to their owners, have the serious disadvantage of being invidious and precarious. If Sir WILFRID LAWSON could shut up half the public-houses in the kingdom, he would agitate with much greater force against the privileged remainder. The publicans will not be discouraged by the twofold recognition of their importance on the eve of an election. Mr. BRIGHT undertook to protect their interests, or at least to secure them compensation; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN publicly announced his abandonment of the Gothenburg scheme. It was not clear what result Mr. BRIGHT expected from the transfer of the licensing power from the Justices to the Corporations; but the publicans would deprecate the change. At present the proceedings are judicial. Corporations represent the popular local opinion, and too often, and more especially at Birmingham, they are composed exclusively of political partisans. A Conservative licensed victualler would trust the magistrates more implicitly than a committee of a Radical Corporation. On the whole, it is nearly certain that the licensed victuallers will give the present Government, not only their votes but their influence with customers, whose interests in the particular case are identical with their own. Permissive agitators seem never to remember that in prohibiting the sale of liquor they would also prohibit the purchase. In his touching picture of the blessings of social life on Sunday Mr. BRIGHT omits the conditions of eating, drinking, and sitting by a comfortable fire. Whether the publicans and their clients or the Permissive party are the more numerous is doubtful; but nearly all the friends of local option would in any case vote for Liberal candidates, while the opponents of compulsory asceticism increase the normal strength of the Conservative party. It would be useless to proceed from an inquiry into some of the conditions of the contest to a conjectural anticipation of the result which will be known in a fortnight.

THE SHORT SESSION.

THE last Session, or fragment of a Session, of the Parliament elected in 1874 must be noticed now, if at all, for it is destined to be soon forgotten. Whatever may have been the reserved purpose of Lord BEACONSFIELD, the Cabinet in general must have expected that the Session would be allowed to complete its regular course. The LORD CHANCELLOR had prepared three important Bills relating to land, which he afterwards introduced; after the beginning of March Sir S. NORRIS fixed a day for a Bill on the distribution of seats; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was undoubtedly authorized by the Government to proceed with the Criminal Code, which was to be referred to a Committee. Mr. CROSS supposed that another Committee, to which he proposed to refer the Bill for purchasing the undertakings of the London Water Companies, would have time for a long inquiry. The intentions of the Government may perhaps have been modified by the Southwark election immediately after the meeting of Parliament, and by the Liverpool election in the last days of the recess. The unfortunate result of Lord RAMSAY's advances to the Home Rule voters may have suggested the expediency of relying on the general impatience provoked by the insolent dictation

of Irish agitators. Mr. PARNELL had boasted that he could control forty seats in Great Britain; and the Conservative agents may have thought that they saw their way to a defeat of the Liberals in the same constituencies. The earliest part of the Session was almost exclusively devoted to Irish affairs, and principally to the Government Relief Bill. On the first night Mr. SHAW forced an adjournment of the debate on the Address; and a censure on the Government which he proposed in the form of an Amendment was debated during three or four sittings. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in vain suggested that the discussion of the conduct and proposals of the Government would be more conveniently taken when he introduced his Bill for Indemnity and for the extension of the powers of the Government and subordinate authorities. The Irish members were determined to have the first word, and it was impossible to prove that their speeches amounted to obstruction. On the division they were defeated by more than three to one; but the support which they received from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. RYLANDS, and Mr. MUNDELLA seemed to indicate an actual or probable alliance between the Home Rule members and the extreme Radical section. Ingenious politicians began to conjecture that Lord BEACONSFIELD might possibly be advised to dissolve early in the Session on the pretext of Liberal connivance at obstruction.

Except from irreconcileable Irish patriots, the Relief Bill met with general approval. Lord EMLY, in a speech which proved his knowledge of the subject, objected to the powers given to Presentment Sessions to provide employment on public works; and other criticisms of the details of the Bill were considered in both Houses. On the whole, it was admitted that the Government had displayed both prudence and vigour; and the application of a small portion of the Irish Church Fund to the relief of distress was sanctioned by a large majority. Mr. MELDON's motion for the assimilation of the Irish borough franchise to that of England furnished the Liberals with a legitimate opportunity of acting in concert with Mr. SHAW and his followers. Mr. BRIGHT and Sir W. HARCOUET delivered speeches in favour of a measure which had the advantage of seeming to be equitable, and the negative merit of, at the worst, being calculated to do little harm. The representation of Ireland would be almost imperceptibly deteriorated by a change which cannot be long delayed; but the Government, as on former occasions, opposed the Bill, which was rejected on a strict party division by the normal majority of sixty. The Home Rule members had thus far been constantly pugnacious and occasionally tedious; but it could not be denied that they were fully entitled both to discuss the Relief Bill and to ask for the removal of an electoral inequality which could only be vindicated on grounds of practical expediency. A trivial question of privilege, unwisely elevated to importance by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, was welcomed by two or three Irish members as an occasion for caricaturing the proposal of the Minister. Mr. PLIMSOUL, having in a characteristic burst of excitement denounced by public placards the Parliamentary conduct of two members who were not even opponents of one of his benevolent Bills, was with difficulty induced to apologize to the House for an indefensible proceeding. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE nevertheless insisted on recording a censure of the breach of privilege; and, notwithstanding an opposition which was led by Sir W. HARCOUET, he was as usual supported by his loyal majority. On a later day Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. O'DONNELL facetiously complained of mock breaches of privilege, which Sir W. HARCOUET affected to extenuate in the same tone in which he had dealt with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's condemnation of Mr. PLIMSOUL.

On one of the last days of February the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER proposed a Standing Order for the purpose of checking wilful obstruction. At the instance of any member or of his own motion, the Speaker or Chairman of Committee was empowered, after preliminary calls to order, to name a member as transgressing the rules of debate. The House might then, on motion without debate, suspend the offender from the exercise of his Parliamentary privilege for the day, or, on repetition of the offence, for a longer time. A violent opposition to a moderate and reasonable proposal would perhaps not have been unwelcome to the Government; but Lord HARTINGTON, as might have been expected from his character, and even Mr. GLADSTONE, approved of the prin-

ciple of the Standing Order, and announced that, if their objections to certain details were not accepted by the Government, they would abstain from proposing amendments. The members against whom the Standing Order was directed abstained from violent opposition. The new rule was adopted almost with unanimity; but it will be for the next Parliament to test its efficiency. The highest Parliamentary authorities are believed not to be sanguine as to the possibility of suppressing contumacious obstruction by any legislative or disciplinary measure. There is a general consent of opinion that Sir S. NORTHCOTE was well advised in proposing a mild measure; and, although the question is disputed, he seems to have been right in vesting the power of suspension rather in the House than in the presiding officer. The way seemed now clear for the useful legislation to which, as some of the Ministers had stated, the Session was to be devoted. There was no immediate danger of Parliamentary obstruction, and the passing of a few measures which would have provoked little opposition might have given the Government an additional claim to the confidence of the constituencies. On the other hand, some irritation was caused in London by the announcement of the bargain which Mr. CROSS had provisionally concluded with the Water Companies. He had conceded to them the receipt of their actual income, and of an increment which, in default of new circumstances, they will obtain in a few years; and the result of providing the same revenue with improved security had of course been to raise largely the market price of the shares. Mr. CROSS seems to have satisfied himself that a voluntary purchase could not have been effected on better terms, and he trusted to the Select Committee to give due weight to objections which might be urged on behalf of the consumers. The clamour which was excited by the publication of the scheme must have convinced him that he had made a mistake.

The transaction of business would have been facilitated by the indisposition of Parliament to revive obsolete discussions of foreign affairs, though the Duke of ARGYLL had forced the House of Lords once more to travel over the dreary record of the transactions between SHEIKH ALI and successive Viceroys. In the House of Commons Mr. FAWCETT confined himself to the practical proposition that the English Treasury ought to bear a part of the cost of the Afghan war. A resolution in favour of Protection, under the name of Reciprocity, unwisely proposed by Mr. WHEELHOUSE, gave Mr. BOURKE and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER an opportunity of delivering vigorous and conclusive speeches against any relapse into worn-out economical errors. Mr. HOLMS found little support for a motion for the institution of quinquennial Parliaments. Mr. BLAKE was defeated by only a small majority in a proposal to abolish the exemption of members from arrest; but the question excited little interest. Mr. P. A. TAYLOR would have been signally defeated on a motion for the total abolition of the Game-laws, if Sir W. BARTTELOT had not rendered him the service of moving an amendment to the effect that no change was at present needed. More popular interest was excited by Sir W. LAWSON's Permissive Bill in its new disguise of Local Option. Mr. GLADSTONE, notwithstanding his language in Midlothian, declined to vote; and Lord HARTINGTON voted against Local Option. Mr. BRIGHT also repeated his former objections to the Permissive Bill; and the influence of the coming election was represented by an adverse majority increased since last year. On the 8th of March the announcement of the dissolution came like thunder in a clear sky. The causes of the decision are not to be found in the unexciting history of the short Session; but all parties were unwilling too severely to criticize a measure which they all professed to desire, if not to approve. The chief transactions of the short remainder of the Session were the unnecessary alteration of the Corrupt Practices Act and the Budget, which was unavoidably introduced at an unusually early date. The proposal that the conveyance of borough voters to the poll should be made legal might have been plausibly attributed to a generous desire of furnishing Mr. GLADSTONE, who needs no such boon, with additional materials for vituperation. The Budget, as far as it spreads the payment of the accumulated deficits over five years, was generally approved; but a considerable increase of the Probate duty under pretext of readjustment has provided Mr. GLADSTONE with matter for half-a-

dozen speeches on the preference given by the Government to landlords over tenants. The alleged injustice which he denounces is much more largely involved in the Probate duty which Mr. GLADSTONE has never altered than in the new addition; but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER ought to have foreseen the facilities which he afforded for hostile clamour. The Parliament has expired suddenly, like a man who in extreme age dies of an accident. If the labours of its last Session had not been undertaken, the results would scarcely have been missed.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE JESUITS.

IF the question were less serious in its bearing on the tranquil working of Republican institutions in France, there would be something exceedingly comic in the invocations of the "existing laws" with which the speeches and newspapers of the Left are now laden. In the Radical vocabulary "existing" must for the future be taken as equivalent to "obsolete." The French Government cannot find any law applicable to its present wants without going back to the time of the First Republic and the reign of LOUIS XV. When a man speaks of the clothes he now has in wear he is not usually understood to mean the clothes which have come down to him from his grandfather and great-grandfather. The Republic of 1848, the Second Empire, and the present Republic for the first nine years of its life, have managed to get on very well without appealing to the laws in question; and it would be at least interesting if the Left would descend to inform their countrymen what it is that has made perseverance in this commonplace path impracticable. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the non-recognized religious orders are as black as it pleases M. PAUL BERT to paint them, for what is it that they are now to be punished? It is not a light matter to recall to active life laws that have been forgotten for so many years. Disused statutes are like disused ordnance; they sometimes burst at the moment of discharge, and hurt no one but those who insisted on firing them. The charges brought against these orders, so far as they are not of the purely declamatory type, seem to be two—that, under their influence, the Church has ever since 1870 been an element of confusion and strife in French society, and that they were directly responsible for Marshal MACMAHON's action in 1877. Both these statements are to some extent true; but both might be very much more true than they are without in the least affording a foundation for the conclusions which the Left seek to build upon them. The conduct of the French clergy ever since the fall of the Empire has undoubtedly been extremely shortsighted. In point of fact, to compare great things with small, they have acted very much as the English licensed victuallers have acted. They have been so much afraid of what the Radicals had in store for them that they have identified themselves altogether with the Conservatives, in entire forgetfulness of the fact that some day or other the Liberal party was certain to be again in power, and that then it might be highly inconvenient to have been continually at war with it. The clergy assumed from 1871 onwards that the only hope of religion in France lay in a return to monarchical government. Instead of seeking to be on friendly terms with the Republican authorities, and frankly accepting the Republican Constitution, they intrigued against both. That they did so in part under the guidance of the Jesuits is quite possible. The Jesuits had the ear of the then POPE, and they had also the ear of the reactionary leaders in France, and as both, for different reasons, were eager for the overthrow of the Republic, such influence as they possessed was naturally thrown in this direction. In 1877 this agitation came to a head in the injudicious and hopeless enterprise of the 16th of May. That this was largely the work of ecclesiastics is likely enough. It was almost too foolish to be the work of laymen. But when all this has been admitted, how much nearer are we to the point to which the Left seek to bring us? The Jesuits have done their utmost, and the result has been their complete overthrow. The 16th of May did more to establish the Republic in France than all the efforts of the Republican party put together. It made it clear that the French people were thoroughly anti-clerical as anti-clerical was then understood—that is, that they were thoroughly

determined that France should not be governed for clerical ends nor by clerical methods. Since the 13th of December, 1877, what has the Republic had to fear from the Jesuits? The Right could not even have rejected the 7th Clause in the Senate had it not been for the help of the very man whom in May 1877 they had instigated Marshal MACMAHON to dismiss from his councils. They have never so much as snatched a victory in either Chamber by their own strength. They have never exercised the slightest influence on the course of public affairs. The alliance between the Conservatives and the Jesuits may have been absolutely Satanic in its wickedness, but it has been absolutely unfruitful in its results.

Nor is it at all certain that, if the Church had played the part of peacemaker, she would have found any one to listen to her. It suits the purpose of the Left to assume that the reactionary sentiment which was dominant in the Assembly of 1871 would have been inert and harmless if the Jesuits had not been at hand to turn it to their own purposes. There is nothing in the conduct of the Right during the last few years that gives the least colour to this assumption. No doubt they were very glad to get all the help they could; and, so long as the clergy or the religious orders chose to work with them, their devotion to the Church was edifying. But the Right have invariably shown themselves possessed of a store of party passion which needed no replenishing from without. It is enough that they were Legitimists, or Orleanists, or Bonapartists, to ensure their being enemies of the Republic. If they were ardent Catholics at the same time, they had an additional reason for hating it; but as they hated it with all their strength before, not much came of the addition. It is a characteristic of French parties to detest one another with a constancy and a violence to which there is no parallel in England; and if the Catholic Church had taken an opposite course, it is far more probable that the Right would have become lukewarm Catholics than that they would have become even acquiescent Republicans. Inexplicable as it may appear to a French Radical, there are a considerable number of his countrymen to whom his doctrines and his person are alike distasteful. If the clergy, whether secular or regular, had set themselves to root out this reprehensible feeling, as undoubtedly they ought to have done, the Right would suddenly have become convinced of the paramount necessity of checking ecclesiastical usurpation. The Eldest Son of the Church was never disposed to let his mother have any will of her own, and the parties among whom French royalty is now held in commission are quite capable of emulating his indifference to spiritual claims if it suited their purpose to do so. If there is any genuine alarm underneath the Radical attack upon the religious orders, it is one which has altogether mistaken the quarter from which danger to the Republic is really to be apprehended. By doing all they can to make a lasting peace between the Church and the Republic impossible, the Left are enlisting on the side of reaction numbers of Frenchmen who would not otherwise have been drawn in that direction. The Church is the one institution which now links the France of the present to the France of the past. Everything else is changed in form, if not in substance; the Church alone has survived the revolution, and is in essentials a copy, if a pale copy, of what she was under the old order of things. As she has at the same time parted with all that associated her with the abuses of that old order, and is now poor enough to excite neither envy nor irritation, there is nothing to prevent the good will which naturally grows up towards such an institution in a nation in which the conservative instinct is extremely strong from having its free course. Why the Radicals should have laboured so hard to make it needless difficult for any one entertaining this good will to call himself a Republican would be unintelligible if we accepted their own account of the matter as the true one. To suppose that they attack the Church because they fear her is to suppose them ignorant of the very obvious fact that, if the Republicans had chosen to bid against the Right for ecclesiastical favour, there is very good ground for supposing that their offers would not have gone unregarded. To suppose that they attack the Church because they hate her, is to suppose that, like many other people, the pleasure of gratifying a traditional and accumulated spite—a spite, it must be admitted, which is not entirely without cause—blinds them to the plain dictates of prudence. Their demeanour is that of a man who feels that, if he could but

once get his foot on the neck of his adversary, he would not care much how long he might be able to keep it there, or what might happen to him when it was withdrawn.

THE CLEWER COLLAPSE.

IT is impossible at the first moment adequately to estimate the severity of the blow which the Church Association has by its own vindictive obstinacy brought upon itself in its contest with the Bishop of OXFORD and Canon CARTER. If the new Solemn League and Covenant had only been litigious and persecuting after the manner of men, it would have sat down and striven to make the best of its defeat last year in the Court of Appeal. Dr. JULIUS was confessedly the puppet of an organized conspiracy in London to which Clewer was only a name and a battle-field, and even conspirators might be satisfied when a unanimous Court, in the persons of Lords Justices BRAMWELL, BAGGALLAY, and THESIGER, confirmed the appeal which had come before it from the narrow and crotchetty decision of the Queen's Bench, under which Bishops found themselves reduced to the humiliating condition of mere officers of the Court for the furtherance of vexatious persecutions. But the promoters of the suit had gone too far for retreat, when, in furtherance of their avowed intention of crushing their aged and honoured victim, they passed over the Public Worship Act of 1874 in favour of what they hoped and believed to be the more merciless Church Discipline Act of 1840; so, in the spirit of the infatuated EMPEROR, when he telegraphed back to Paris "Tout peut se rétablir," they elected to make a dash into their Sedan, that House of Lords from which there is no appeal. The blow which the Church Association has thus brought upon itself is not to be measured by the many thousand pounds which it will wring from its sanguine and sanguinary votaries, nor by the disappointment which it will feel in losing what seemed to be so sure a chance of persecuting men so well hated as the Bishop of OXFORD and Canon CARTER. The rejection of its appeal is a rout, and not a defeat, as the condemnation of its policy, pronounced by the mouth of the law, will be endorsed by common sense and the general moral sentiment of the country. If anything were wanting to complete the catastrophe, it would be found in the antecedents and plainly expressed personal opinions upon ritual and ecclesiastical matters of the four eminent jurists who composed the Court; for even the Church Association will hardly insinuate that the English Church Union can have beguiled or terrorized Lord CAIRNS, Lord PENZANCE, Lord SELBORNE, and Lord BLACKBURN.

The legal question at stake was of a somewhat technical and restricted character, being the contention as to whether the expression "it shall be lawful"—occurring in the Church Discipline Act of 1840, as in so many other Acts of Parliament—ought, as common sense and grammar would dictate, to be taken as permissive or as imperative and obligatory. The drift of the contention in the present case was the presence or absence of discretion on the part of a Bishop to decline to entertain any complaint about anything brought by anybody against any clergyman. The Queen's Bench, for reasons ingeniously expounded by the CHIEF JUSTICE, decided that the words were obligatory and imposed a duty, while this decision has been unanimously overthrown both by the intermediate and by the ultimate Court of Appeal. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, taking a technical view of the authorities which came under his notice, and not helped by the Bishop of OXFORD's counsel, who was none other than the BISHOP himself, decided that, for good or ill, these words must be generally held to be obligatory, and that the onus in each case of proving them to be permissive rested on those whose interest lay that way. He found no such proof in the Church Discipline Act, and so, groaning much over the confusion which he saw must result from his view ultimately prevailing, he had no option but to compel the prelate to obey the behests of the Association. The higher Courts, taking a wider and a simpler view of words which Lord CAIRNS calls "plain and unambiguous," and "merely making that legal and possible which there would otherwise be no right or authority to do," have reversed the presumption. The words—so it is now decided—are

generally permissive; though there is a large and clearly definable class of cases in which they become obligatory, not *proprio vigore*, but in virtue of another principle as plain and unambiguous as the first one. The cases which misled the CHIEF JUSTICE can all be referred to this principle, which is tersely summed up by Lord PENZANCE as follows:—"The conclusion arrived at by the Courts in these cases was 'this—that, regard being had to the subject matter, to the position and character of the person empowered, to the general objects of the statutes, and, above all, to the position and rights of the person or class of persons for whose benefit the power was conferred, the exercise of any discretion by the person empowered could not have been intended.'"

The question which the House of Lords had to consider was whether the case now before them fell under this exception; and the reasons which led the Judges unanimously to resolve that it did not so fall give us the clue to the policy and intentions of the Church Association. In other words, the evils which, as the Law Lords declare, would flow from reading the Church Discipline Act in the way which the Church Association has tried to force upon the Bishops and Judges, are the very objects for which that pestilent confederation exists and energizes. In defining them we shall avail ourselves of Lord CAIRNS's language. The Association claims that "any one who never entered the parish; who never had been in England; who was ignorant perhaps of the language; who was not a member of the Church of England; who was not possibly a believer in Christianity; or who was a pauper or wholly unable to answer the costs of the suit," may force the Bishop to proceed, though "the offence charged may be an offence against the laws ecclesiastical, but it may be of so trifling and insignificant a nature, that no one having any discretion in the matter ought to allow it to be the subject of litigation." Such is the demand of the Association, while upon its policy Lord SELBORNE dryly observes:—"It is, at least, not obvious that it would be for the interest either of the Church or of the State 'to open or leave open so very wide a door to private intolerance, contentiousness, uncharitableness, or folly.'

Here we have the Church Association painted by artists whom no one will accuse of being actuated by any malicious prepossessions against it, and the common sense of moderate, peaceable Church people will welcome with thankfulness the revelation and the discomfiture of its catspaw the too-daring parishioner of Clewer. As at the downfall of his more eminent namesake,

Ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The ghosts did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets—

so there will be much squeaking and gibbering, we make no doubt, and perhaps even more naughty sounds in the Committee Room of the Church Association. But the tide is on the turn, and the general community will, we are sure, recognize that the Church of England must tolerate great variety within the limits of the Prayer-Book; and that, wherever there is real zeal and an earnest purpose, it must not be too severe even upon occasional excess or defect, unless it desires to give comfort to that agitation of the enemies of the Church of England, the infernal encouragement of which by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has been astonishing the electors of Middlesex, when the young candidate informed them that "he would desire to maintain the historical connexion of the Church with the State; but if public opinion declared itself decisively against the connexion, he would not stand in the way of the wishes of the majority of the people."

INDIAN FINANCE AND PUBLIC WORKS.

INDIA still continues to supply the opponents of the Government with a congenial topic for dispraise. Undeterred by arithmetical demonstration to the contrary, Mr. GLADSTONE maintains his accusation against the rulers of that country, as having "augmented her taxation and contracted her liberties"; while Lord GRANVILLE denounces them as destroying the liberties of the press and "so extravagant as to be obliged to stop all public works." Language of this nature is understood perhaps by speaker and hearers alike as not intended *au sérieux*, or as anything but the licensed inaccuracy of electioneering rhetoric. Probably not one in a thousand of Lord GRANVILLE's or Mr. GLADSTONE's hearers has any sort of knowledge of

Indian finance or the slightest interest in or connexion with Indian administration; and if the convictions of such people as to the necessity of a change of Ministry can be strengthened by a hazy impression that India is being shamefully misgoverned, political excitement is not likely to be very scrupulous as to the means by which that impression is produced. Not the less is it a grave misfortune that the English people should be taught to consider Indian politics as within the sphere of their interests and at the same time to be content with sensational, inaccurate, and misleading treatment of the great administrative questions involved. English public opinion does, as the events of the last two years have shown, exercise a perceptible influence on the course of the Indian Government, and that influence may easily become extremely pernicious. It becomes daily more important that Englishmen should take the trouble to learn the facts about the great dependency with which they have come into such intimate connexion; and speeches such as those which the VICEROY and Sir JOHN STRACHEY recently delivered on the introduction of the Budget are sufficient to give any one who will read them with attention such an insight into the position of the country as will be a guarantee, at any rate, against the commoner and grosser delusions which prevail regarding it.

The topics with which English public opinion has of late been principally concerned are the alleged insolvency of India, the alleged increase of taxation, the alleged misappropriation of funds collected for the relief of famine to war and other matters, the alleged wastefulness of the expenditure on public works, and, finally, the alleged mismanagement of the Customs revenue, especially the remission of a part of the cotton duties in deference to the interests of the Manchester manufacturers. As to each of these the figures of Sir JOHN STRACHEY's balance-sheet are curiously instructive. With regard to the first, it is now clear beyond the possibility of dispute that the view, taken by Mr. FAWCETT and others, of the Indian Exchequer, as sinking year by year into more hopeless embarrassment, is wholly without foundation. The country has just passed through a period into which every possible cause of financial embarrassment would appear to have been crowded. There has been a famine, the most intense and wide-spread on record, which has at once involved the Government in enormous expenditure and crippled the resources from which such expenditure must be met. There have been losses, wholly unprecedented, owing to the depreciation of silver and the course of exchange; there has been war, not on a great scale, but still costly and difficult; there has been paralysis of trade, partly owing to the famine, partly in sympathy with the depression in Europe and America. Through this severe ordeal the country has passed without any permanent injury. It has rallied with extraordinary speed from the effects of the famine. The results of the last two years and the estimates for the coming year point to a condition of financial soundness to which most European Exchequers might look with despairing envy. During these three years it is estimated that $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions will have been spent in war, $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions in the construction of strategical railways on the frontier, $400,000$. will have been devoted to famine relief, 10 millions will have been lost by the unfavourable exchange, $900,000$. will have been given up in remission of taxation, and yet the period will end with a surplus of $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions.

The same result is shown in perhaps a still more conclusive way by a review of the finance of the past decade. During this period the expenditure of India—war, famine, public works, and every other kind of outlay included—exceeded its income by $36\frac{1}{2}$ millions; but the whole of this excess, with the exception of a million, was invested in productive works, whose productiveness is now satisfactorily attested by the fact that in the coming year the railways and canals will, notwithstanding the incomplete or undeveloped condition of several of them, earn enough to cover their working expenses and interest on their capital. During this period $9\frac{1}{2}$ millions will have been spent in war and frontier railways, and $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions in famine relief, the whole of which, with the exception of a million, will have been defrayed from current income; an achievement which certainly appears to us to place the Indian Exchequer in an almost unrivalled position as regards the capacity to meet extraordinary expenditure.

The next charge of which the financial statement disposes is that of increased taxation. Mr. FORSTER and Mr.

GLADSTONE, misled by accounts which they had not taken the trouble to examine, put forward some months ago definite allegations on this head, and though explanations were immediately forthcoming it is satisfactory now to know from the highest authority the precise facts of the case. Of the apparent increase on which Mr. FORSTER dilated, part is owing to additions of territory—five great provinces, with an area double that of the German Empire; part, $8\frac{1}{2}$ millions, to changes in the form of the accounts, which show gross items on both sides of the balance-sheet instead of net results on one side only; part to the increased area of cultivation, the enhanced value of agricultural produce, and the extension of canal irrigation; none, it is satisfactory to know, to a heavier load of taxation imposed on the individual taxpayer. During the three years with which the financial statement deals, remissions of taxation amounting to $900,000$. have taken place, and neither the land revenue nor other imposts have at any previous time fallen with a lighter incidence on the general population. It is true that, with the view of equalizing the salt duties, the price of salt was raised last year in the South of India and lowered in the North, the change being adverse to 47 millions of people and favourable to 130 millions; but even in those parts of the country where the price has been raised the consumption is greater than it was three years ago, while with vast multitudes in Upper and Central India the cheapened price of this invaluable necessity has resulted in an increase of consumption so considerable as fully to compensate the Government for the original sacrifice of revenue. The great Customs line which stretched right across India, and was a constant source of oppression, has been abolished, the $100,000$. involved in its maintenance has been saved, vastly greater quantities of salt have been consumed, and the receipts of Government have steadily increased. No financial reform was ever carried through with more absolute success.

The charge of wasteful expenditure on public works had been already to a great extent disproved by the finding of the Parliamentary Committee last summer, and is now disposed of by the fact that the balance-sheet of the coming year is expected to show profits more than equivalent to their expenses and interest. The true position of this grand undertaking is insufficiently understood. In 1873 the Government embarked on what was probably the greatest speculation in the world. It determined to make a system of canals and railways all over the country, and in so doing to invest from three to five millions of borrowed capital per annum for a series of years. This programme has been carried out with an exactitude and success creditable alike to the authors of the scheme and those to whom its execution has been entrusted. The expenditure has been less, the profits have been larger and more quickly earned, than it was safe to hope. The curtailment of this scheme and the restriction of the outlay to $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions per annum—conceded last year to English agitation—are measures which every Indian administrator deplored at the time, and in which, in the present condition of the finances of the country, the Government can hardly be expected to persevere. Sir J. STRACHEY speaks with emphatic regret of the results of this unfortunate change of plan. It must, he says, seriously postpone the day when the country will be protected against famine by its railways and canals. The LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of BENGAL has an overflowing exchequer and an admirable scheme of works, which, "without costing the Imperial " revenues a shilling, would have added several millions "to the wealth of his great province"; but all is at a standstill. The LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of the NORTH-WEST PROVINCES has a similar scheme of light railways, which, in conjunction with the canals, would have gone far to render famine in that part of India impossible; but he, too, is unable to proceed, owing to the restrictive policy prescribed last year. This state of things is not of course likely to be endured for long; but meanwhile the loss to the country is great, and it remains a matter of regret that a scheme so fraught with blessings to mankind, and which had hitherto more than realized the hopes of its founders, should not have been carried out in its integrity.

Of the "Famine Insurance Fund" Sir JOHN STRACHEY gives an account which not the dullest of his opponents will, we think, be able to misunderstand. The Government having made up its mind for a liability on account of famine expenditure of 15 millions in ten years, it became necessary to provide a margin of ordinary

income over ordinary expenditure of $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions per annum. A further margin of half a million was to be provided against unforeseen contingencies. Abnormal expenditure on war, famine relief, and Public Works undertaken either as "productive" or as "protective against famine," was excluded from the calculation. This programme has been faithfully carried out. "If the accounts and estimates of the three years," Sir J. Strachey says, "are subjected to the most severe criticism, it will be found that the estimated and actual surplus of revenue during this period does truly far exceed the 6,000,000, " which, according to the standard which we have presented to ourselves, should be attained in three years, "if the solvency of the State is to be assured."

As regards the remission of the cotton duties, the results have fully justified the convictions of those who in England and India have advocated a policy of free trade. Vast quantities of the non-dutiable qualities of goods have poured into the country, trade has received a perceptible stimulus, and Sir J. STRACHEY may already congratulate himself on the approach of the day when the continuance of the now surviving duties will become obviously indefensible. The abolition of all restrictions on Indian trade has for years been his darling project, and already he ventures to predict "that the time is not hopelessly distant when the ports of India will be thrown open freely to the commerce of the world."

Such, as it appears to us, are the results which the last Indian Budget establishes—results to which the VICEROY and his Minister may justifiably point as the best refutation of the libels which ignorance or partisanship has for months past been hurling at the Indian Administration. It is too much, of course, to hope that English statesmen, in the passionate excitement of a great political duel, should find leisure or inclination to call in question the accuracy of their facts or the justice of their accusations. But to the mass of educated Englishmen, who love fair play and regard the fortunes of India as something more than a rhetorical convenience, such a statement as that of the Indian Finance Minister will carry a profound conviction that one portion at least of England's great task of Empire is being performed in a manner of which England will have no reason to be ashamed.

ONE-SIDED FREE TRADE.

IT was not to be expected that the late Parliament would come to an end without the plaintive notes of the preachers of Reciprocity being again heard. Mr. WHEELHOUSE's ill success was a sufficient reason why their last lamentations should not be upbraided in the Commons. On the whole, the House of Lords forms a better field for this kind of exercise. Reciprocity is not a subject upon which a speaker likes to be too sharply brought to book, and in the calm atmosphere of the House of Lords he may look pretty confidently to escape this. If reciprocity were a Liberal craze, Lord BEACONSFIELD would be a formidable critic; but as it is exclusively a Conservative delusion, the PRIME MINISTER is bound to treat it tenderly. Consequently the Duke of RUTLAND did not risk much when he rose on Monday to call attention to the disastrous results of one-sided free trade. He was sure of an answer, because Lord BEACONSFIELD would not choose it to be said that the Government had remained silent when one of their own party was calling for a return to protective duties; and he was sure of a courteous answer, because on the eve of an election Lord BEACONSFIELD would not wish to make a single supporter less anxious by ever so little for the success of the Government. In consequence, perhaps, of this sense of security the Duke of RUTLAND was not quite so cautious in his handling of his subject as the members of the House of Commons who share his views. The success of reciprocity is to be obtained, he frankly admitted, by the imposition of retaliatory duties. England is to coerce France and America into abolishing Protection by setting up protection anew within her own borders. It must be supposed that the Duke of RUTLAND is so much in love with the idea of retaliation that he does not care whether the application of it has any effect or not. The French people are slowly and painfully groping their way towards free trade, and if there is anything that could make them retrace the steps they have taken, it would be the news that England had at length

been disabused of the fallacy which she had done so much to impose upon the world. If England were to give up free trade, the hopes of the protectionists would rise in every country of the world. Instead of accepting the change as a warning to reconsider their ways, they would read in it an intimation that their ways were once more becoming the ways of reasonable men in all countries. So long as England adheres to free trade, even when the immediate results of it are inconvenient to her, foreign protectionists, are, at all events, forced to explain the fact. If England were to abandon free trade, they would say with apparent reason that the motives which had led us to adopt it in the first instance were not only strictly selfish, but strictly temporary as well.

There is another argument, however, which might have been expected to commend itself to the Duke of RUTLAND with a great deal more force than this one. After all, he would probably care very little whether the retaliatory duties he wishes to see imposed failed of their effect or not. If reciprocity proved unattainable by these means, England and her neighbours must be content to tax each other's goods as long as the world lasts. But the proposer of retaliatory duties is bound to take into account the possibility that the imposition of them may have the intended effect; and it is plain that if, under the pressure of duties reimposed upon French goods entering England, France were to take off the duties she now levies on English goods entering France, large bodies of English workmen would be very cruelly treated. There can be no use in imposing protective duties in favour of any English industry if it is strong enough to flourish without them. English goods sold in England have the advantage of cheaper carriage; and if under a system of free trade other countries are able to produce them more cheaply, it is clear that they must enjoy superior natural advantages for their production. Consequently the industries engaged in producing them can never flourish except under a system of protection. They may be recalled to life by the imposition of retaliatory duties, but as soon as those retaliatory duties are taken off they will once more begin to languish. What the Duke of RUTLAND asks the Government to do, therefore, comes to this. Certain large trades have been ruined by French competition. The ruin of a trade means that capital is at all events on the high road to be withdrawn from it, and that the workmen employed in it have begun to migrate to other industries. In other words, the worst is already over. The sufferers by foreign competition have recognized the hard facts of the situation and have begun to make provision against them. How does the Duke of RUTLAND propose to treat these unfortunate people? He calmly advises that they should be encouraged once more to invest their capital and industry in a trade which can only flourish under protective duties, while at the same time he avows that as soon as these protective duties have answered their purpose they are to be taken off. This is the only meaning that his proposal can possibly bear. Something must be done, the DUKE says, to force other countries to reduce their duties, and this something is to be the imposition of a retaliatory duty. Necessarily, therefore, this retaliatory duty must be taken off as soon as the duties against which it is aimed have been taken off; otherwise they would be put on again immediately, and the whole object of imposing the retaliatory duty would be lost. The Duke of RUTLAND is so much impressed with the hard case of the sugar-refiners, who are suffering from the French bounties, that he wishes to restore them to prosperity by immolating the silk-weavers, or whatever other class of workers he may select for an experiment in the direction of retaliation.

Lord HARTINGTON has lately been much exercised to discover Mr. ECROYD's views about reciprocity. We do not know that he will be much the wiser after reading the Duke of RUTLAND's exposition of them. Mr. ECROYD wishes, it seems, to see England and her colonies formed into a vast Zollverein, in which England shall undertake to supply her wants from colonial produce rather than from the produce of any foreign nation which imposes duties on English goods, while the colonies shall undertake to admit all our goods without duty. If this be really Mr. ECROYD's view, he seems to have studied colonial practice to wonderfully little profit. Protection is at least as popular in the colonies as it is in the United States or in France; and, unfortunately, the country against which protective duties are most frequently and constantly

imposed is Great Britain. The trades which the colonists wish to see established within their own boundaries are usually those in which the mother-country is their most dangerous rival. They want to secure variety of employment, and for this purpose they are bent upon protecting a number of young and tender industries in the hope that they will one day be able to subsist alone. The establishment of free trade with England would be false to this design, and we fail entirely to see how Mr. ECROYD and the Duke of RUTLAND propose to get over this difficulty. Where business is concerned the colonies are remarkably free from any sentimental weakness towards England. If it can be proved to them that they will benefit by the Zollverein, they would no doubt be willing enough to enter into it; but as the thing they are most afraid of is the competition of English producers, it is not easy to see how the proof is to be made out to their satisfaction.

CONTRASTS.

A MONGST the enlivens of commonplace existence—the life of commonplace minds in commonplace circumstances—perhaps no intellectual stimulant is equal to strong contrasts, whether in the world of fact or of fiction, whether viewed as a personal matter or regarded as a spectacle. There is something in a marked contrast which shakes the stagnant faculties, makes thinking easy, and puts even the dullest intelligence on its mettle. From the mere act of contemplating it the man derives a sense of elevation, as feeling that, without his reflections and judgment upon it, the phenomenon would fail of its purpose. And, as offering themselves unsought, there is something in strong contrasts peculiarly grateful and pleasing to ordinary listless observers—to idle readers and lazy thinkers. And of course not only to them. Every one is struck by a striking contrast; touched by a tender, impressed by an awful, amused by a grotesque, surprised by a startling, hit by a neat, pleased by a fanciful, amazed by a hyperbolical, contrast. But this is specially the field of minds too slow to catch passing impressions or too mercurial to retain them. It needs little thought or trouble, makes small demand on taste, discrimination, attention, or knowledge, to take in the bearings of a bold effective contrast. People are here all on a par. Language readily suggests itself in such cases to the least eloquent or exact of speech. Take, for example, the ruin of to-day contrasted with the careless prosperity of yesterday. There is always something to be said to the point; anybody can be sententious on sudden changes in circumstances, fortunes, events; or even on broad distinctions in moral character. Who can say how much the present general interest in politics and cognate matters is not quickened by the marked contrast of character between the two great leaders of opposing parties? Thus all persons who aim at exciting the interest and gaining the ear of numbers deal in the widest contrasts that their subject leaves room for. People who do not know that they are inventing are constantly dragged into hyperbole by the necessity of indulging this natural craving—of presenting a subject in the only light that will reach the sympathy of the mass, exciting that tingle of pleasing astonishment which a telling contrast serves to produce. It is a commonplace to say that partisans generally—agitators, alarmists, pleaders, even professional philanthropists—deal in exaggerated contrasts, setting poverty in its ideal destitution by the side of wealth, oppression of one class against tyranny and license in another, making what is temporary and accidental the rule, and a casual extreme contrast the normal state of things. There is a feeling indeed that, as a whole, men need this stimulus; that the simplicity of fact will not rouse them to their duty. The modesty of literal truth does certainly require nicer wording to set it off than the advocate has often at his command, or than his hearer has patience or justice to appreciate. There must be picturesque heightening of differences to raise such an image as will catch the interest and excite a sympathetic unanimity. Our noblest feelings owe something to this artificial heightening; as, for instance, patriotism. The likeness between man and man is certainly greater than the difference and contrast. It can never be obliterated. Men have more in common in their nature than what is distinctive; yet it is on the violent contrasts between nations and nations that it is the business of the political advocate to enlarge. The likeness is ignored, forgotten, under the figment of being taken for granted. According to race, or even geographical distinction, men are angels or fiends. Though only a silver streak divides them, yet

Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

It is of no use to complain that men are thus influenced; people must receive truth according to their capacity. It is only in utopias that contrasts are minimized. We cannot do without them as objects for the fancy to rest and work upon. Men would not be more philosophical or truth-loving simply by the absence of this quickening power, by the quenching of imagination and emotion.

But it is in a more domestic field that this turn for contrasts shows itself in the most marked manner. All persons who talk

much of themselves are driven as it were into drawing them. It may be done in the simplest manner, and from the most blameless motives. Every career presents striking contrasts with other careers—contrasts especially telling on the person most interested, contrasts in the course and tenor of life, in domestic trials, in literary achievement, and generally in success and failure; and they are sure to excite interest. It is a line of thought, however, presenting peculiar temptations to our natural frailty. Vanity on the one hand is apt to draw favourable contrasts flattering to self-love; envy is ever making grudging comparisons, and growing and gathering bitterness under the indulged habit. With the fortunate man, it is his luck, if it is nothing else, that establishes a standing contrast. The man with a grievance fixes his standpoint on contrasts between his own deserts and others, and between the world's estimate of them and his own. We may say that the talk of the garrulous poor is made up of contrasts. The solitary inmate of many a humble cottage feeds her self-respect on them, contrasting herself with her neighbours, to her own overpowering advantage, her strength of principle with their weakness, her strictness with their license, her plainness with their finery, her home-bound existence with their gadding, not failing to contrast the liberal benevolences bestowed on the undeserving with the scanty recognition of her own merits.

With this taste and propensity so active in human nature, it is natural that violent contrasts should be the food and material of romance; they are indeed essential to the popular novel. A novel in which the characters are carefully drawn, in which they act upon one another as they might do in familiar social life, is felt to be tame—the stimulus is wanting. The more contrasts we get between appearances and realities, prosperity and adversity, virtues and vices, happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, joy and despair, between yesterday and to-day, the more the tale answers to a demand; for whereas the happiness of real life consists in the fewness and moderation of these contrasts, the harmony of circumstances, the fitness of the man for his work and place, the gentle sequence of events, the novel pleases by showing life in a directly opposite aspect; by crowding it with startling transitions, setting every condition cheek by jowl with its opposite, vulgarity with high place, virtuous seeming with inward depravity; by caricaturing the instability of earthly things, reducing the most assured position to a mere house of cards; by the constant contrast between what seems and what is. Of course contrasts, as stock in trade, cost the inferior artist very little. He regards them as self-acting; they are to impress by their own force and weight; but they are not the less a supreme test of power. The writer who can apprehend and portray all the features of a strong contrast of passion and feeling is master of his craft. What a grasp of the position, for instance, is shown in the passage in *Jane Eyre* when what was to have been the heroine's wedding-day is turned to desolation, and she describes the contrast of feeling—"A Christmas frost had come at Midsummer."

Whatever shows, with the proper touch, the strongest contrast between the life pictured by imagination and the life men are most familiar with must always please. Thus pastorals in a splendid and highly artificial state of society, and fairies and genii in homely or simple ones, took the fancy of their day by storm. Burlesque and parody we need only mention, as both depend for success on violent contrast set out in the caricature of resemblance or even identity. But gentle and refined humour also, the humour of the choicest spirits, often shines through this medium. All illustration is likeness in contrast—that is, what furnishes the illustration must have essential and fundamental differences before the imagination can apply it to its purposes; but the object of the illustration generally is to fix minds on the likeness, while only passively apprehending the difference. There is, however, another style of illustration which directs the mind, not to the likeness, but to the contrast, as when Charles Lamb, whose love for cities and streets is well known, was shown a picturesque country lane, he exclaimed, "It is nothing compared to Wardour Street." Illustration plays on the same line when Addison proposes as one of the innumerable subjects for possible essays "Caesar's behaviour and my own under parallel circumstances"; or Swift's appeal to the general experience—"If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches"; or Sainte-Beuve persisting in fighting a duel under his umbrella—"Je veux bien être tué, mais mouillé non"; or Dryden describing the Dutch sailors before an action:—

Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.

And Pascal shows the same vein, reversing the fable of the mountain and the mouse, when, remarking on the contrast between great events and their causes, he wrote "Si le nez de Cléopâtre eut été plus court toute la face de la terre aurait changé."

The whole system of conceits was based on this idea of the sympathy of the human mind with broad contrasts. The poet expresses his fantastic affectation of passion through the medium of his lady's girdle:—

Give me what this riband bound,
Take all the rest, the world goes round.

The didactic author, using contrast as the sugared brim of the cup, hoped through its means to cheat readers into imbibing his wholesome bitters, and entitled his book "Antithesis or contrariety between the Wicked and the Godly, set forth in form of a pair of gloves for every man to wear." Such conceits have had their day, but they were an appeal to a universal

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and lasting taste which all minds share, and with which every intellect can play; as, for example, the Irish butler who denied his master to callers on the ground that he was out in the back-yard shooting rats with cannon for his *diversion*.

In all moving incidents the presence of contrast is essential to give full effect to the tragic and intenser points of the scene. This has been noted as Shakspeare's rule, so to call it. Thus the murderer in *Macbeth* is ushered in by serene reflections on the habits of swallows. And in history it is the same. Its more tragic stories take hold on the memory in proportion to the incongruities that surround them, tincturing terror with the grotesque, and stimulating the brain by the contrast of the homely and familiar with the abnormal. Take the accounts given by contemporaries of the assassination of the Duke of Berri, so strangely crowded by these contrasts. Wherever the news spread it was met by some startling incongruity, finding its way into a ballroom on the last night of the carnival, and scattering paleness and confusion among the revellers, all possessed by an odd spirit of travesty and burlesque, and habited in the most absurd disguises. The unfortunate victim was meanwhile carried from the door of the Opera House, where he was struck, to a sordid room in the *entresol* of the building, and laid on a trundle-bed that was with difficulty found for him; and there, in the midst of the hurry, dismay, suspense, despair of the occasion, and the anguish of a ghastly wound, disturbed by bursts of applause and gay music from the ballet still going on—for the news had not reached the stage; a ballet-girl, enlisted in the confusion as an attendant, ministering in the dress of her part, which there was no time to change. But this is carrying our subject into a more serious train than we intended.

Taking a general view of the question, we may observe that all self-reliant schemes for the amelioration of men agree in doing away with contrasts in their condition, and placing life on one level of thought, work, station, and aim. The authors of such schemes have a good deal to say for themselves; but men would be duller creatures than they are now if they had their way, and, if duller, then not happier nor better.

AGNOSTICISM AND WOMEN.

IT is a real relief to turn from the startling and not always savoury lucubrations of our strong-minded sisters, whose first aim appears to be to obliterate all distinction between the sexes, or rather to show that the distinction is an exploded fallacy, to an essay, by no means deficient in intellectual force, by a lady who is not ashamed to write like a woman, and even—which some of her more ambitious rivals may think a yet graver offence—like a Christian. Not that the thoughtful paper on "Agnosticism and Women," contributed by Mrs. Lathbury to the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is chiefly remarkable for being neither unfeminine nor irreligious. We should be inclined to say that its most prominent characteristic, which is not always equally apparent in the noisy advocates of woman's rights, is its strong common sense. The writer has evidently thought out her principles, and holds them with a steady grasp, but here she is content to appeal to facts. That Christianity presents to serious minds a far nobler, and therefore more satisfying, view of human life than Agnosticism does not prove its truth. We cannot adopt the reasoning of the excellent housekeeper who was shocked at the conversion of a young lady of the family to Popery, and confidentially assured her sympathizing fellow-servants amid her sobs that for her part she could never abandon her faith in Protestantism and hot suppers. But still, although "the happiness or unhappiness of a religion does not constitute its truth," it is permissible to remind those who are tempted to become Agnostics, often quite as much from fancy or fashion or intellectual vanity as from earnest conviction, that they must lay their account for sacrificing much which they can hardly regard as otherwise than valuable. It is not the writer's fault that her argument proves, not indeed too much for its validity, but more than is comprised within the immediate scope of the article. The considerations urged do not affect women exclusively, and they suggest more than is actually expressed. But the line of reasoning does apply primarily to women, and with such obvious force that many men who have lost all religious belief had far rather leave to their wives and sisters the "early heaven and happy views" which for themselves have faded into unreality, on a somewhat analogous principle to that of the famous infidel writer who insisted on his servants going to church, as the best security for his silver spoons. "Men prefer to hope that women will be slow to drive logic to its ultimate end; that they will still cling with womanly inconsistency to all that is refining and soothing in the old creeds; and that the newer and colder lights of their husbands and brothers will only serve to eliminate from those creeds the elements of superstition and fear which are now considered so debasing." The hope is of course a chimera. Women, emotional in temperament and timid in intellect, will not long hold out against the avowed convictions of the men they reverence and love. And thus it becomes a very practical question how the spread of Agnosticism among them will affect the interests and employments of all but the comparatively few who take an active share of some kind in professional or public work,

especially as life advances and the buoyancy of youth is past. At present these interests have been mainly three:—

It is not the lot of all to be either wives or mothers, and anyhow there are a very large number of women who find themselves, as life goes on, with no children of their own to educate, and no husband in whose pursuits they can forget themselves. To what interests and employments has this large part of the community hitherto looked forward? What has lain between the eager life of youth and the ideal rest of old age? Speaking broadly, their interests have mainly been three: Taking care of the old or sick, teaching the ignorant, and watching—not to speak of praying—with a cheerful countenance for the wellbeing of those they love. How will Agnosticism affect these three interests in the future?

After some general and very pertinent remarks on the characteristic differences between men and women, showing especially how the work of the heart rather than of the head is the sphere of woman's peculiar excellences, Mrs. Lathbury proceeds to examine in detail the probable bearing of Agnosticism on each of the three main interests already specified. The duty of tending the sick and aged must obviously lose much of its grace and significance, and nearly all the sustaining power of hope, if all is to end with death, and the unlovely process of decay, mental and bodily, is lightened by no promise of a second spring. This view of the matter does indeed, as the writer points out, give a terrible edge to the Agnostic argument for "euthanasia," on which we have before now taken occasion to comment. "By what arguments will it be brought home to the Agnostic ratepayer that it is his duty to support the hopeless lunatic or incurable pauper," or, we may add, not to abuse the latter as the *corpus vile* for some interesting scientific experiment? But to dwell on this aspect of the question would be to digress into a wider field. It will be better to follow Mrs. Lathbury into her felicitous treatment of the second main interest of woman's life—teaching the ignorant—where the argument is not at first sight so obvious. There are none who profess a livelier enthusiasm for the spread of education or a fiercer contempt for all restrictions on the diffusion of knowledge than Agnostics. But when all their fine phrases are reduced to the simple test of fact, what does it come to? What is one of the most direct and inevitable results of increased knowledge on those whose lot in life is a hard and suffering one? The Germans have a saying, *Man fühlt sich*, meaning that men, as they grow up, become conscious of the rights and dignity of manhood; they realize their position in the world. But this realizing process has other aspects also, not so flattering to pride or self-love. As the writer says, "to know that you are unhappy is to feel it," and, if this world ends all, is it not a somewhat questionable gain to the poor to know and realize fully that their lot is pain and discomfort here, and that there is no hereafter? Will it not suggest questionings about equality and justice neither pleasant to themselves nor of happy augury for the public weal? Will they not have exchanged the comparative bliss of ignorant content for a knowledge of higher possibilities with no practical hope of attainment? There are those, not otherwise unhappily circumstanced, to whom it is little short of an intolerable trial to feel conscious of energies and capabilities for which their position in life—perhaps through some apparently capricious accident, or some early false step of their own—does not seem likely ever to give adequate scope; and, if they are religious persons, their only consolation lies in the hope that—in the words of a Christian poet—"God hath some grand employment for His son" in a future state of being. Of that hope Agnosticism would finally deprive them. And it would no less deprive the whole body of the educated poor of the hope that the cruel inequalities of this world may be redressed in the world to come. The social change no doubt would be enormous, as Mrs. Lathbury observes, if the dreams of the education philanthropist were realized to the full; but after all what would be the net result?

The life of working-men might attain to a pale imitation of that tepid luxury which clubs bestow upon the classes above them. The long day in the coal-mine or the factory may be enlivened by the thought of the contest over the chess-board or the billiard-table awaiting him at night. The more studious might look forward to the hour spent in reading in the unpretending comfort of a free library. The politics of the moment may be sufficiently interesting to give a passing excitement to an evening's conversation, and a popular lecturer might gain a fairly intelligent audience. These are the unambitious aims that really lie at the bottom of many a high-flown eulogy of the education of the working-men; and what does it come to? A little more learning to help a man to know the inevitable depth of his real ignorance; a little more leisure to spend in well-lighted rooms with spillickins and coffee; a little fewer open and violent sins; a little more veneer of the more respectable sins of the upper classes.

There does not seem to be very much in all this to fire the enthusiasm of a thoughtful woman. And it must be further recollected that the strongest intellectual conviction, even assuming it to be well grounded, will not suffice to transform the moral nature, any more than a conviction of the fatal consequences of indulgence, here or hereafter, will quench the flame of vindictive or sensual passion. Can the Agnostic promise that under his teaching the human heart will cease, not only to believe in any higher than our poor human perfection, but to long for it, "or will he lessen the unquenchable desire for reunion with those who are parted from us by death" by convincing his disciples that it is never destined to be gratified? To such queries experience suggests a negative reply. There will still be left an aching void, which material prosperity cannot fill, and which that material adversity which increased knowledge has enabled them to realise more keenly will render doubly sensible to the poor. If then it be true—and surely here Mrs. Lathbury is right—that

"woman's work deals, as a rule, with the individual," what encouragement will the female Agnostic have in her individual teaching of the poor? It is worse than idle to say that she may go on teaching them the old myths. If she has a conscience she cannot do so, and if she has none, she will fail to impress on their belief what she holds to be unbelievable herself.

There is yet a third office in which, more even than in the solace of mental or bodily anguish, woman has hitherto proved herself "a ministering angel." When others, however closely united by ties of intimacy or of blood, have hardened their hearts against the prodigal, she has still claimed the merciful prerogative "of waiting in patience for the turning again of those who have chosen to pursue an evil path." And here, more than anywhere else, Agnosticism must paralyse her efforts, because it dries up the very source of hope. Hope for a better future in the present life alone remains, and towards this the mother or sister of the truant can often do but little. For the revival of his higher nature when at last an opportunity for her influence occurs—perhaps when he is already on his deathbed—she can do still less. To say that "there is no guarantee that Agnosticism will always be confined to highly conscientious people" sounds almost like a sarcasm or a truism, yet it is well to emphasize distinctly what is so strangely apt to be ignored, if not at least implicitly denied. But even the belief in an abstract ideal of virtue would offer but a feeble support to the Agnostic preacher of repentance. It will truly be a sad day for our women when there is nothing between them and their despair about the erring human being in whom their heart's love is centred but the bitter realization of how far short of that ideal he has fallen. To women also, in proportion as they transfer their allegiance to the new Agnostic creed, must "the individual wither, and the world grow more and more." They will be tempted to throw themselves with despairing eagerness into some phase of active work, and neglect that sphere of home life wherein their truer and nobler mission lies. A select few may make their mark in some professional career; for the many, who must still seek their occupation in the exercise of their affections, life will have become a dreary, uphill task, with little to sustain or cheer their hearts. This is of course no sufficient ground for clinging, against conviction, to "a creed outworn," but it is surely some reason for hesitation before "sapping with solemn sneers" a faith which has confessedly done much to ennoble and beautify this life, and which perhaps has not yet been quite so clearly proved to have no promise of the next. When all spiritual faith is abandoned, material improvement must be the ultimate term of human progress, and even this will be pursued in a different temper and with lower aims when the background is torn out of the picture on which the mental gaze was fixed. After our cathedrals have been turned into music halls, and we have ceased to build churches or hospitals—there were no hospitals, be it remembered, before the Christian era—it may not be found easy to concentrate the same unselfish enthusiasm on the construction of Board Schools and drinking fountains. What had been viewed as means will henceforth become ends, for there will be no higher end beyond. Mrs. Lathbury does not however ask anybody to believe, or profess to believe, in Christianity, because of the heavy losses entailed by disbelief. But there is much force in her concluding appeal—not confined to readers of her own sex—to those who have made the sacrifice to pause before forcing on others their reasons for the want of hope that is in them. They are not asked to return to a forsaken faith, but merely to remember facts:—

If it is the lot of any to be obliged through honesty of thought to cast away their ancient landmarks, at least let them consider if it is all gain to others that they should be led to do likewise. What has the Agnostic to offer in compensation? In the strength of his days he sets out for the goal of culture. Physical, mental, moral culture, is his aim and his watchword. Enlightenment in this world takes the place of hope in the next, and the intellect alone sets its seal upon the future. Enthusiastic for all progress, he forgets that a progress that comes to an end with death is no true progress at all, and that which is untrue for the individual cannot be true for the human race. With their faith that of an ultimate age of ice, and their hope bounded by the grave, what is left to the women of the future but their love alone to tell them of how much happiness and misery they are capable? If such is the only truth possible for mankind, in very mercy let us pause long before we help others to attain to it.

CAUTIONS FOR CHOICE OF PARLIAMENT MEN.

A TRACT under this title which appears in the *Miscellanies* of George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, is naturally attractive to students of comparative history at the present time. The grandfather of Chesterfield and the author of the *Character of a Trimmer* might be expected to have something worth saying on such a subject. The Parliament for which it was written must, to judge from internal evidence, have been that of 1695. Before the writs were issued for that Parliament Halifax was dead, and as the tract refers to the passing of the Triennial Bill at the end of 1694, it must, if it be genuine, as the style declares pretty clearly, have been the work of the last few weeks of his life. The copy before us bears the date of 1700, and seems to have been bought in the next year by Edward Coke of Norfolk. Why and how the volume left the safe and dignified seclusion of Holkham and wandered about in secondhand booksellers' shops, is a question in which nobody but the present Lord Leicester and the possessor of the volume can feel much interest, and the interest of the latter person is limited to the comfortable knowledge that he himself

obtained it for a legal and sufficient consideration. A great sage almost contemporary with Halifax would have said that the reason of books straying is *Quia est in illis habitus errandi*; as to the fact, as distinguished from the reason, no one conversant with them will hesitate for a moment.

Halifax, who may be taken as the ideal Moderate Liberal, was very much in the habit of addressing anonymous appeals to the constituencies, and most of them can be recognized by a peculiarity of style, of which he was almost the inventor, but which was quickly caught up by others. This consisted of an elaborate plainness of speech, flavoured with a very pleasant irony. The plainness hit the taste of the average elector, who in those days, as perhaps also in these, was wisely distrustful of tall talk, finical phrases, and exaggerated eloquence. The irony flattered him if he understood it, and did no harm if he did not. The "cautions" are divided, after the fashion of the time, into a great many heads; and the first head of all is sufficiently opposite to the present occasion. "A very extraordinary earnestness to be chosen" the writer thinks to be no good symptom. He deprecates "the raising a kind of petty war, entering the lists rather for a combat than an election, and throwing fireballs to put men in heat." "For," says this cold-blooded person, "it will never be thought that a man should take such extravagant pain only for the sake of doing good to others." And he makes other remarks about "self-denying zeal," "blustering," and so forth, which really seem to have been inspired by a kind of prophetic instinct. In short, the opinion of Halifax upon the Midlothian contest becomes a matter of great interest, but of comparative certainty, when this little tract is read. It is almost startling, too, to come upon the next head, which states that "recommending letters ought to have no effect on elections." Diligent students of contemporary events may perhaps think, *inter alia*, of a certain metropolitan borough, where for some days past one of the candidates has produced at each meeting a letter with the Edinburgh or Birmingham postmark, and has slightly parodied the famous sentiment of Jack Horner by pointing out what a good boy he must be to excite such interest in men so good and great. That "non-attendance in former Parliaments ought to disqualify a man" is a subject which need not now be dilated on, because it is well known that all members of Parliament are now attentive to their business. But head number four again makes us "warm," as they say in the children's game. Our mentor protests with all his strength against men who are "unquiet and busy in their natures." He thinks it pretty sure that "men who cannot allow themselves to be at rest will allow nobody else to be quiet." And he is of opinion that, "their thoughts being in a perpetual motion, they have not time to dwell on anything long enough to entertain a scruple." Obviously Halifax was afraid of persons who thought on the principle of once, twice, thrice, and away. Nor is his phrase of "quietness" unworthy of attention. He would clearly not have thought it a fatal charge that Mr. A.'s policy was a blank, or that Mr. B. has anything to gain by a decisive testimonial that he had in five years upset more institutions and worried more interests than any other single person whose deeds are registered in history. It may be well, however, not to follow this up further, because our author indulges in inferences which would hurt the delicacy of the present age. He hints that his unquiet persons are generally "at full liberty to do what is most convenient for them," and, in short, approaches altogether too near to the scurrilous and shocking.

In the next section we come upon a contrast rather than a coincidence. Does anybody nowadays "apprehend that great drinkers are fit to serve in Parliament"? Evidently many people did so then, and the pamphleteer does his utmost to controvert this opinion in terms which would delight Dr. Richardson and Cardinal Manning, not to mention the late (and perhaps future) member for Carlisle. He admits that the practice of much drinking has "a sociable and well-natured appearance," but opines that "it is by no means to be relied on. Nothing is more frail than a man engaged in wet popularity." It must be admitted that wet popularity is far from being a vile phrase. The argument is strengthened by a curious citation. In 1647, he says, the county of Devon petitioned the House of Commons against the undue election of such burgesses as are "strong in wine and weak in wisdom." Truly a most epigrammatic county! The seventh head attacks the capacity of "wanting-men," i.e. men of small property. Here Halifax is something out of harmony with our day, and we pass over his reasonings, albeit they are perhaps worthy of some attention in connexion with such a matter as that which led to Mr. Grissell's imprisonment. Still more is the eighth head to be slurried, for this testifies against the choosing of "blockheads," and it would probably be taken as a breach of privilege to hint that any candidate, much more any member, corresponded to this description. Then Halifax goes on to deprecate the sending of very young men to Parliament—a practice which, if not altogether unheard of nowadays, is certainly not so common as it once was. After this comes mention of "a sort of men whose heads are only appurtenances to their perukes." Here syllogism itself comes to the rescue of the character of our modern Parliament men. There are no perukes nowadays, or at least not many, and so there cannot be many heads which are only appurtenances to them. The argument is irrefragable. As to "men of injustice and violence in their private dealings," "excessive spenders" and "unreasonable savers," these are points delicate to handle, and we shall pass them by. But the thirteenth head will make the heads of its readers bristle with horror. Halifax, benighted trimmer that he was, is of opinion that no one

should be elected for a county unless he has some considerable estate in it or expects such, and he attributes motives for strangers standing which really almost incline one to think that if he were an elector of Midlothian he would vote for Lord Dalkeith. It would, however, be Halifax's turn to shudder at the present day on the subject of his next head. This is directed against the candidature of lawyers of whom there are about one hundred, or is it two hundred?—standing at the present moment. From this point matters become worse and worse. It is perhaps natural in a trimmer to decry "men tied to a party," upon whom he spends some of the finest flowers of his sarcasm, and "exorbitant pretenders to merit in the late revolution," who were troublesome nearly as troublesome in his day as those who now insist upon their admirable conduct in saving Belgium. That "military officers are out of place in the House of Commons" is of course an illiberal opinion on a par with the exclusion of lawyers. "It maketh the room look like a guard-room," says our author, with a fine disgust which at this moment is curiously obsolete. Yet it is pleasant to the fancy to imagine all the captains and majors and colonels, past and present, arrayed in full uniform at St. Stephen's. Objections to "pensioners" and to "opponents of the Triennial Bill," again become less interesting, but the last sentence deserves citation. "In the mean time," says the author, "after having told my opinion who ought not to be chosen, if I should be asked who ought to be, my answer must be, 'choose Englishmen,' and when I have said that, to deal honestly, I will not undertake that they are easy to be found."

We do not know what may be generally thought nowadays of this little electoral manual. It is, as we have said, evident that the author was in many respects a most benighted person. He had no proper appreciation of heroic legislation, and even thought that it was a merit in a member of Parliament to be quiet. He somewhere protests against " trifling" with the business of the House? What, then, would he have thought of obstruction? He is evidently dubious as to the precise merit which ought to be attached to the practice of violently denouncing opponents, and is hopelessly given up to the "stake-in-the-country" delusion. There are even signs about him of infection with the worst of all diseases, patriotism. Nowhere is there to be discerned in his address any reference to anything but the interests of England, and he even seems to be of the opinion that Englishmen would do well to mind those interests. Of the latest lights in constitutional principles he does not seem to have the least inkling. Although there was then a good deal of jealousy between town and country, he does not intimate that the member for St. Michael's was necessarily a better authority on national affairs than the member for Westminster, nor does he tell electors that the expiring Parliament is the worst of all actual and possible Parliaments. Nor does he even hint that his own enemies (and if the author was indeed Halifax he had not a few) are all abandoned villains acting under the direct inspiration of the devil. Indeed, from the general tenor of his observations it may be shrewdly suspected that he would have applied various derogatory terms to this kind of electioneering, and would have talked of "heats," "private enmities," &c. &c. On no occasion throughout his pamphlet does he mount a stump, even of the most moderate height, and altogether it is to be feared that he is, according to modern notions, an inferior person. Yet perhaps in the days when great drinkers were thought fit to sit in Parliament, if in no others, his counsels may have been attended to with some advantage. He seems to have thought that the atmosphere of Parliament was somehow or other very much like the atmosphere of any other place, and that the rules of wisdom, justice, and common sense which applied elsewhere applied also there. Above all—for that last sentence somehow sticks in the reader's memory—he seems to have remembered that he was an Englishman, and to have wished that his clients should remember it too. He had an idea evidently that the English Parliament was meant for England, and seems not to have troubled himself greatly about the concerns of the universe at large, except as they concerned this island, which perhaps he did not think "small" or "little." All these things doubtless were delusions, but somehow a voter reading them just before voting might be captivated with them. This would be a pity, and everybody who possesses Halifax's *Miscellanies* had better lock up his copy, if only to prevent it undergoing the fate which in all probability must have befallen the copy of Mr. Edward Coke of Norfolk.

CHRISTIANS OF ST. JOHN.

"**V**ERILY those who have believed," saith the Koran, "and those who have become Jews, and the Christians and the Sabians, whosoever hath believed in God and the Last Day, and hath done that which is right—they shall have their reward with their Lord, and there shall come no fear upon them, neither shall they grieve." It is very easy to condemn a religion, or to bless it altogether, as Mohammed did in the case of the Sabians; but it is not easy to define who the Sabians were. There are few names to which so many meanings have been attributed, few which have been so grievously misapplied. We call the ancient inhabitants of Southern Arabia "Sabians." The same name denoted the philosophical sectaries of Harran, and the pseudo-Christian remains of Babylonian astrology; whilst Arabian writers use "Sabian"

when they mean "Pagan," and apply the word indiscriminately to every one in all parts of the world who is neither Jew, Turk, Magian, nor Christian. In the midst of this confusion modern research has had a hard battle to establish a true order and to distinguish between genuine Sabians, so-called Sabians, and Sabians who are not Sabians at all. Quatremère, Renan, Chwolsohn, and Sprenger have devoted ingenious and learned labour to the investigation of the problem involved in the name of Sabian, and we are now able at least to say that most of the peoples known by that name were not Sabians in the true sense. We must disabuse our minds of the notion that this designation has any connexion with the ancient Cushite civilization of the Yemen, and must shut our ears to the seductive resemblance in the sound of Saba and the Queen of Sheba. This wonderful Himyarite people have nought in common with Semitic Sabism, and scholars now distinguish them by the altered spelling of Sabaeans.

We must equally exclude from the census of true Sabians the people of Harran, who, if they were Sabian (*i.e.* Nabathean) in race, were Greek in religion. Whatever remnants they possessed of the old Chaldean star-worship were overpowered by the influence of a debased form of Neoplatonism which had reached them from Alexandria. Their very town was known as Ἐλληνόπολις (with the sense of "City of Pagans"); and the Arabian historian El-Mes'idi tells us that they had, besides temples dedicated to the stars, others set apart for the worship of Reason and the First Cause, of the Soul, and of Matter. The oldest chronologist of the Arabs, El-Beyrûni, of whose *Vestiges of the Past* Dr. Sachan has lately given us a magnificent translation, speaks of the Harranians at some length, and we learn from him that they revered many prophets, "most of whom were Greek philosophers." Beyrûni at first joins in the common error of calling these people Sabians; but subsequently advocates the view that they are not the true Sabians, who are in his opinion nothing else than "the remnant of the Jewish tribes who remained in Babylonia when the other tribes left it for Jerusalem in the days of Cyrus and Artaxerxes. These remaining tribes felt themselves attracted to the rites of the Magians, and so they inclined towards the religion of Nebuchadnezzar, and adopted a system mixed up of Magism and Judaism, like that of the Samaritans in Syria." These "remnants of the Jewish tribes," settled in Mesopotamia, are the true Sabians, he says; for the Harranians, though they are even better known by this name, did not adopt it till A.H. 228, under 'Abbâsi rule, for the purpose of obtaining the rights of *perpetua*, or covenanted protection. When El-Beyrûni speaks of the true Sabians as remnants of the Babylonian Jews, he is so near the truth that we must say no more of the Harranians, interesting as they are, but turn to this third people to whom the name of Sabian is applied.

It may seem a startling attempt to seek to trace a connexion between the Tower of Babel and a Christian sect of the Euphrates valley; but nevertheless the descent of the modern Mandaeans of Wasit and its neighbourhood from the Chaldeans is tolerably well established. Much laborious research has been expended on the Nabatheans, and the problem of their ethnic position has been complicated by the circumstance that their name, like Sabian, has commonly been used in the East to mean simply "Pagan." From incontrovertible linguistic evidence, however, and from the scanty details we possess of the scientific and astrological theories of the Nabatheans, we are able to assert that they were nothing else than late Chaldeans; and from many and striking resemblances we can certainly trace their descendants in the modern Subbas or Sabians of Mesopotamia, who call themselves Mandaeans (*Mando-Yahya*, "disciples of John"), and whom travellers have described under the name of "Christians of St. John." Like their predecessors, the Nabatheans, these "Christians of St. John" speak an Aramaean dialect, a corrupt Chaldee, which Renan calls the *patois de la famille sémitique*. Like the Nabatheans, they have a great reverence for the planets, and time their weighty occasions in scrupulous reference to the positions and conjunctures of the heavenly bodies. Like the Nabatheans, they have a variety of sacred books—a *Divan*, a Book of Adam, of John Baptist, and the like—some of which we may suspect to be identical with the Scriptures of the Nabatheans. It was probably the existence of these books which procured for the Sabians exemption from the punishment which awaited other unbelievers, as recorded in the verse before quoted from the Koran; for the prophet Mohammad regarded the possession of revealed scriptures as the very condition of a true or nearly true religion. How these Sabians became Christians, or what passed for Christians, is not apparent. Probably they found it convenient to give in their adherence to the dominant faith, just as their namesakes of Harran, under Muslim rule, found it useful to call themselves Sabians, and thus escape the penalties of paganism. But they were doubtless influenced by other motives than those of mere policy. They could not pass through the first six centuries after Christ without coming into close contact with some of the *bizarre* forms of Christianity, or Christianized Judaism, which were floating about in Syria. Renan sees in them the Elchasaites of the φαλαστοφοίσεια ascribed to Origen; and Sprenger, in his exhaustive Life of Mohammad, takes a similar view, tracing the religious change of the Sabians into the Mandaeans to the influence of Christian Ebionites and Hemerobaptistæ. The name Sabian, if it has been a cause of confusion by its resemblance to Sabean, may here be of service to us; for it means, not as the Arabs contemptuously say, "one who turns from his own

religion and takes another," but "a washer"—a meaning fully explained by the frequent ablutions of the modern Mandaeans. It is not difficult to understand the veneration with which a sect much given to washing would regard the profession of St. John the Baptist; and we need not be surprised, therefore, at finding him placed in their religion above all other prophets, and even over Christ himself. The belief in St. John the Baptist is not the fundamental dogma of Christianity; and, in point of fact, the "Disciples of John" are no Christians at all. But the name was convenient, and so they turned their old Chaldean mythology into a Christian hagiology, and called their seers and augurs, priests and bishops. In spite of which, they are still genuine Chaldeans in religion as well as speech.

Very little is known of this curious relic of Babylon the Great. Manuscripts of the Mandaean Scriptures exist in various libraries of Europe, but, with the exception of the *Book of Adam* (Codex Nazareus), edited by Professor Norberg, they have not been published. Chwolsohn, indeed, has thrown the light of his brilliant talents upon the history of the Sabians and their religion, and the finest Arabist of Europe has treated of the Mandaic grammar with his customary acumen. But we know at present but little of the actual tenets and practices of the "Christians of St. John," and the scanty information gathered by travellers has hitherto been profoundly unsatisfactory. Such is the secrecy observed by the Sabians, so terrible are the punishments prepared for those who reveal the mysteries of the faith to unbelievers, that it is almost impossible to obtain any communications from the people themselves; and the dwellers around know next to nothing about them. They are decidedly "a peculiar people," and they sit not down with the ungodly. Quite recently, however, an unusually favourable opportunity presented itself for a more thorough investigation into the beliefs and superstitions of the Mandaeans or Subbas. Two gentlemen, filled with zeal for their respective causes, happened by a propitious fate to be thrown together in the valley of the Euphrates. One was M. Siouffi, the French Vice-Consul at Mosul, the other the Rev. P. Marie-Joseph, head of the Carmelite Mission at Baghdad. The former was on the look-out for a Subba, the latter for a convert. They discovered that their interests were one and decided to work together. M. Marie-Joseph converted a Subba from St. Johnian Christianity to the true Catholic faith, and M. Siouffi immediately set about extracting from him all the information about his people and their religion that Adam—such was his time-honoured name—could supply. The result was a volume of *Etudes sur la religion des Subbas ou Sabéens*, which M. Leroux has just presented to the public of Paris. It is full of the most curious notes on Sabian manners and customs, doctrines, superstitions, and the like, and has the advantage in authority which belongs to a work taken down from the lips of a native. Yet it must be taken with some reservation, partly because M. Siouffi was able to hold only imperfect converse with his informer, from which one might expect a certain amount of inaccuracy and misunderstanding in his reports, and partly because the new convert, with all his convert's candour in revealing the deformities of the religion he has abandoned, nevertheless showed some hesitation in answering M. Siouffi's questions on the more sacred portions of the Mandaean faith, and may have concealed more than his questioner could suspect. M. Siouffi's work shows no very thorough acquaintance with the labours of his predecessors, and his ignorance laid him the more open to any imposition which the young man Adam may have sought to practise on him. On the other hand, it is an important fact that Adam was trained for priest's orders in the Mandaean Church, and was therefore doubtless instructed in the greatest mysteries of the faith, if so be that it has an esoteric as well as an exoteric doctrine. Making every reservation, M. Siouffi's book is the most important contribution to our knowledge of the Sabians, or Nazareans, or Mandaeans, or Subbas, or "Christians of St. John," choose which name we will, that has appeared since Chwolsohn's *Sabier und Sabismus*.

Since the Sabians became pseudo-Christians, they have taken pains to make it evident that they worship but one God, Alaha; nevertheless the three hundred and sixty celestial personages who are neither angels nor saints, who were not created by Alaha like other creatures, but came into existence of their own accord when Alaha pronounced their names, who possess omniscience and rule each a separate kingdom in Paradise, and, though married to females of their own species, have children by the mere utterance of a word, are practically divinities. They also reverence their one great prophet, Yahya, or John the Baptist, as one of the three hundred and sixty, and invoke the name of Bahram-rabba, lord of rivers, when they perform their religious ablutions. They believe in evil spirits (Malakün), some of whom execute the punishments of the Mataratas or seven hells, whilst others occupy themselves in tempting and injuring mankind on earth, and cause suicides, sudden deaths, and other calamities. When a man is possessed by a devil of this kind the Subba priest exorcises him. If the devil is of a sweet and docile nature, he will probably go out at the bare sight of the priest; but if he is perverse and obstinate, a regular ceremony has to be performed and the great name of Manda-d-haiy invoked. The fiend usually asks for time, in order to effect his retreat satisfactorily, and at the expiration of the period allowed the priest returns to see if the devil has kept his word. If he is still there, an exorcism is performed on the following Sunday, incense is burned, amulets applied, and prayers recited. The fiend generally leaves at this point, but if he is very obstinate the final resource is tried, and the whole body of priests

exorcise him *en masse*. This is considered infallible, unless the devil belong to the species called Kersa-Seyna, the offspring of human beings united to demons, in which case the victim cannot expect release. Adam avers that he has seen and performed many castings-out of devils, and he has no doubt as to the efficacy of exorcism. These spirits live upon food snatched from the tables of men; and it has often been observed, according to Adam, that there is a marked deficiency in the food when any one has spoken during a meal. To prevent this, the Subbas carefully abstain from speaking whilst they eat; and this is believed to be a sure preservation against the assaults of the Jinn.

The world, according to Subba legend, was not created by the supreme Alaha, who was content with making the angels and the Paradise they dwell in. But these three hundred and sixty celestials were not satisfied at this abrupt cessation in the work of creation, and they went in a body to Alaha, and prayed him to make something more. So Hivel-Ziva received instructions, and set out on a long and weary journey to find a certain woman, whose child would be wanted to support the new world. He travelled for centuries, and was sent from one king of the celestial world to another, till at length, in the dominions of King Akrún, he found Ruhaya, whom he soon contrived to carry off and to imprison in a castle of iron until her son should be born. This child, Ur, who speedily grew to gigantic proportions, was destined to carry the world on his head. Hivel-Ziva collected seven handfuls of dust of different metals, and with these he made a pedestal, whereon he set Ur; and then he proceeded to place the seven worlds on his head, one above the other. A drink of the Water of Life caused Ruhaya to bring forth seven other children—six male and one female—who are the seven superior planets; they have souls, and do not perish at the Last Day, and they have each a special function to perform in the universe. Then Hivel-Ziva made the four great rivers, and the four elements, and established the seven hells (Mataratas), each of which is governed by one of the seven great planets; and he created the mysterious world—not our common Arda-Tivel, but that unseen Msháni-Kuhta, inhabited only by pure and spotless beings. Finally, each world was given a first man; and the hells were made ready for sinners, and put under the control of Avather and Ptahil. They are however, only purgatories for the most part, and souls are allowed, after suffering their appointed torments, to pass thence to the beautiful Almi-Danhura, the Paradise of the blessed, where the heavenly powers reside. Eternal damnation is decreed only for murderers, renegades from the Subba faith, and seducers of virgins; but the severe penalty attaching to this last sin is seldom referred to by the politic priests, who are afraid lest any of their congregation, rebuked by their consciences, should be driven to despair of salvation, and hence desert the religion that condemned them. These priests, classed in the three orders of deacons, priests, and bishops, enjoy the profound veneration of their flocks, and draw a very large revenue. They are compelled to marry, to eat their meals in solitude, and to fetch water for themselves from the river. The principal religious duties they impose upon their people are frequently-repeated baptism, with complete immersion in the river, in the name of Alaha, Manda-d-haiy, and Yahya Yuhana; prayer at least twice a day, each time lasting two hours or more, addressed to Alaha, Maar-eddarbutha, and the other celestials, Yahya, Adam, &c.; confession, constant ablutions in all possible cases of religious impurity, a species of eucharistic celebration, and a kind of mass for the souls of the dead, which lasts seven days, and is the highest perfection of religious observance. Strict fasting is forbidden, but on certain occasions they abstain from meat. They eat only flesh that is killed by the consecrated sacrifice. They pay the most careful respect to the planets, and have a firm belief in astrology. No voyage or enterprise of any importance is begun without first consulting the stars through the medium of the priests. If they are ill they apply to the priest for an amulet, and ignore the doctor; and they are particular in having the horoscopes of every new-born infant drawn up by their priestly astrologer.

This is what the science of the Chaldeans has come to. These are the representatives of the "wise men from the East." And again, on the other hand, these are the "Christians" of St. John. They are no credit to either side; their astrology is degraded, and their Christianity almost omits Christ. Yet these Subbas, with their Sabian traditions and Chaldean language, with their parody and pretence of Christianity, form a study which is perhaps unique in its peculiar interest. There is no sect which is more closely connected with a remote and obscure antiquity, and none which exhibits a more surprising confusion of contradictory creeds.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

IT may seem strange in our days that people who enjoy a large share of public favour should be indifferent to it, and even dislike it; but these peculiar feelings are shown every year by the University crews. For a considerable time past the boat-race has possessed inscrutable attractions for the London mob, and also for that large section of society which is as anxious to relieve the monotony of idleness as those who compose the mob are to escape from work. Accordingly the "great aquatic event of the year," as it is called, attracts vast crowds to that very ugly portion of the Thames which lies between Putney and Mortlake; and for

a considerable period before the race the banks are thronged by people who really undergo considerable discomfort in order to see the crews of whose performances elaborate accounts are given by reporters of more or less intelligence. It seems to be generally thought that the young men who constitute the two Eights are performing a public duty in training, practising, and rowing the race; and that, through the medium of its representative the press, the country watches them with great solicitude. This view, however, touching and inspiriting as it is, has never been accepted by those most concerned. Unmoved by the enthusiasm of St. Giles and Whitechapel; unmoved by the fact that they give a large number of people an excuse for drinking champagne in the morning; unmoved even by the yet more striking fact that the betting on the contest is officially quoted, the crews persist in regarding it as not being really a public event, but as partaking far more of the nature of a private trial, interesting only to members of the Universities, and to a certain number of boating men. The impertinence of this assumption has greatly shocked many writers for the press, as need hardly be said; and this year, when the arrogant youths had the audacity to fix their own hour for the race, and to adhere to it, considerable indignation was expressed. It is true that there were very good reasons for rowing at the hour on which they determined. The race, as every one knows, is usually rowed on the last of the flood from Putney to Mortlake, and if this course was to be followed on March 20th, it was clear that the crews would have to start at 7.30 A.M., or thereabouts. The race, it was true, could be rowed at a much later hour by reversing the course, and taking the last of the ebb; but, though this seemed a very simple manner of avoiding the difficulty of an early start, there were really very valid reasons against it. In a race rowed from Mortlake to Putney one crew necessarily has a considerable advantage over the other during the first part of the contest, and this fact appeared conclusive to the misguided young men of the two boat clubs, who probably thought the first essential condition of a race was that it should be as fair as possible; and who perhaps thought also that the question interested them more than it did anybody else, and was for them to decide. Their mistake was speedily made manifest to them. To attend a race at 7.30 or 7.45 A.M., it would be necessary to rise very early, and it was indignantly pointed out that for "the convenience of the public" it was imperatively necessary that the race should be rowed in an unfair manner. At the outset some impression seems to have been produced on the Cambridge crew, and they rather weakly suggested that the day of the race should be altered. Fortunately the Oxford men were sensible, and the question was referred to Messrs. Darbishire, Goldie, and Chambers, who decided that the race should be rowed on the morning of the 20th.

The crews, however, were not destined even now to escape without further pressure. After everything had seemingly been finally settled, Mr. Orrell Lever appeared on the scene as the representative alike of the steamboat interest and of the very many people belonging to all ranks of society who dislike getting up early. Mr. Lever appealed to the crews to row on the ebb, and thus to give "many thousands an opportunity of witnessing the race without undue risk to life or property who otherwise would be unable to do so." Mr. Lever did not mean, as might at first appear, that there might be undue risk to life or property if Londoners had to get up before six, but referred to dangers to be apprehended from the morning fog. His earnest appeal, which was certainly touching, and much resembled those made by missionaries and by promoters of public Companies, fell unfortunately on stony ears. Having asked for telegrams in answer to his eloquence, he received two brief ones, that from the Oxford captain being indeed laconic even for a telegram, and merely informing him that the race would not be rowed on the ebb. At this the ruler of the Citizen steamers waxed wroth, and with cruel kindness informed the sinful captains of seven that, to show his anxiety to accommodate the Universities "for this great national event," he would give a boat free of cost for each University, but that for all others he must charge one hundred instead of fifty guineas as usual. The sins of the crews would therefore be visited on the heads of the sightseers, who would not only have to leave their beds early, but would be required to pay double fares. In consequence of Mr. Lever's decision, some tugs were hired to convey the umpire and spectators, but objections were raised to these, and finally the difficulty with the deeply-hurt but not implacable representative of the national interests was got over. Four steamers, engaged, we believe, on the usual terms, accompanied the race, and it is only fair to say that they were well handled by their respective captains, the Press steamer in particular being very cleverly taken under the small southern span of Hammersmith Bridge.

That there should have been so much hubbub over a very simple question, which really hardly admits of argument, is most strange. The University boat-race is not a "public event," or, as Mr. Lever has it, a "great national event," any more than the Oxford and Cambridge Club is a great national institution. The race is a private trial between crews who represent and are chosen from the boat clubs of their respective Universities, and, as we have said, only concerns members of the Universities and boating men. If the public like to come in huge crowds to see it, of course the public is at liberty to do so, just as it would be at liberty, if it thought fit, to go down in excursion trains to Oxford or Cambridge and throng the banks of the Isis or the Cam; but to say that the public convenience is the first thing to be considered in arranging

a race at which, so far as can be ascertained, the presence of the public is not wished for, is to advance a claim on behalf of the multitude which on the face of it is absurd. It has been argued that the University crews do not themselves treat their contest as a private or quasi-private trial, inasmuch as they desire that the course should be kept clear for them, and certainly it seems at first sight as though this did give to the "event" that public character which is so vehemently asserted; but a very little acquaintance with the history of the race is sufficient to show that this is a mistaken view. The course has to be kept clear on account of the great concourse of boats and steamers which would cause danger to crews and spectators, and probably make the race absolutely impossible unless regulations were strictly enforced. In other words, the public come to see the race in such huge numbers that the race could not be rowed unless some kind of order was maintained. It can hardly be seriously argued that by asking for a measure made necessary by the unsought presence of a multitude of sightseers, the crews acquiesce in giving a public character to their contest.

That the crews of this year were right, then, in not yielding to absurd dictation, and in holding to the hour they had fixed, can hardly be disputed, and indeed, even if the boat-race had been correctly treated as a "national event" they would have been right in refusing to change the time. Obviously the race ought to be rowed on equal terms, and the people who wished that it should be rowed on unequal terms in order that they might be saved the trouble of getting up early were not worth a moment's consideration. Mr. Lever maintained, as has been seen, that there would be danger owing to the morning fog; but this was not to be feared, as, if there was enough fog to cause peril, there would be enough to stop the race. Any risks which the steamers might run in going up to Putney could easily be avoided by the very simple process of sending them up the evening before. As it was, Mr. Lever's gloomy vaticinations proved to be in one respect correct, for on Saturday morning a very dense fog enveloped Putney and its surroundings. In spite of this a depressed and blasphemous crowd assembled on the banks of the river; but when eight o'clock drew near, it became evident that they would be able to begin the day's drinking at an even earlier hour than they had expected. Danger to those afloat there would be none, as it was obvious that the race could not be rowed. It was postponed till Monday morning; and though this postponement was much to be regretted, as it must have disappointed many who took a legitimate interest in the race, it had one most excellent result, for it rendered void all bets. According to the mysterious laws of betting, everything is nullified if a Sunday intervenes between the day fixed for an event and that on which it takes place, so that the ingenuous gentlemen who had in this case been giving themselves considerable trouble in the hope of reaping an adequate return found that all their pains had been wasted. Their discomfiture cannot but give pleasure to the many who regret that the boat-race should ever have been made the subject of other than trivial wagers. On Monday morning a greatly diminished attendance showed that the interest in the "national event" had suffered much by the postponement. The crowd on the banks was smaller than it usually is; there were very few carriages and, compared with what there generally are, very few steamers and boats. Confidence must have been rudely shaken in the young men who, when fixing the time for their contest, could not foresee that there would be a heavy fog. The young men, however, were in no way affected by their abated popularity, for they rowed a very fine race. After a beautifully even start, they kept all but level with each other for some time, and then Cambridge, rowing from forty to thirty-seven, drew ahead, and led by something like three-quarters of a length when off the Crab Tree, a mile and a quarter from the start. From the Cottage to Hammersmith Bridge the struggle was a very fine one, the light blues, who were rowing far better than had been expected, maintaining their lead. They were certainly aided by the Oxford coxswain, who kept his boat too much inshore in the early part of the race, and who, when near the Distillery, seemed seized with a sudden desire to show how well she would answer her helm. Not to be behindhand in loyal efforts to give the weaker crew a chance, one of the Oxford Eight caught a crab, after Hammersmith Bridge had been passed, with such breadth of style that it seemed almost as if he would capsize the boat. At the time when this accident happened the Oxford crew were gaining on their antagonists, who had rowed a two-mile race with much courage and vigour, but whose strength was now failing. At the western end of Chiswick Eyot the dark blue was from half to three-quarters of a length ahead, and when Chiswick Church was breasted the race was practically decided. The Oxford crew had held to the old tactics which had so often proved successful, and, though they had not seen their antagonists leading without yielding to the temptation to spurt—being, after all, imperfect like other human creatures—they had in the main obeyed the stern dictates of duty, and would not be tempted into rowing so quick a stroke as the others. Their virtue was rewarded in the upper part of Corney Reach, for the Cambridge men were exhausted, and the Oxford boat drew steadily away. When Barnes Bridge was reached the race had become, what in the latter part of the course it so frequently is, a mere procession; and the spectators at Mortlake had the pleasure of seeing a plucky but jaded crew follow in the wake of a comparatively fresh one. The winning boat passed the post with a length and three-quarters of clear water between her stern

and the other's bow, according to the *dictum* of Mr. Fairrie, the judge. To some of those on board the steamers it certainly seemed that the two were separated by a longer interval. The crowd on the banks waited with exemplary patience to learn the result, which, for some incomprehensible reason, appeared to afford them gratification.

The race of 1880, which thus ended in the victory of Oxford, will long be remembered on account of the singular controversy which preceded it, and will also be remembered by boating men as a fine contest, in which the weaker crew surprised the prophets, and made a most gallant struggle. By betting men, also, the race is not likely to be forgotten; and let it be hoped that the recollection of the bitter disappointment which some of them had to endure on this occasion may tend in future to keep them away from the banks of the Thames.

GOOD NEWS FOR HUSBANDS.

A HEAVIER blow has rarely been dealt to the rights of woman than that which was inflicted in the Court of Appeal at Westminster on Wednesday last. Everybody has seen advertisements to the effect that John Smith warns all tradesmen not to give credit to Jane Smith his wife, or, as the warning is sometimes more politely framed, not to give credit to any one in his name without his authority. This invitation of public attention to the domestic relations of the Smith family is naturally taken as a sign that those relations are somewhat strained. Until last Wednesday, however, few people doubted, and no ladies had any doubt at all, that the unpleasant announcement was necessary to bar Mrs. Smith from her ancient and otherwise indefeasible right to run up bills, subject only to the very doubtful construction which might be placed on the word "necessaries." This right has generally been taken to be one of the fairest flowers of the feminine prerogative, and it has been proposed that a certain clause of the marriage service should run "With all the worldly goods of all my tradesmen I thee endow," instead of or as a supplement to the usual formula. It is true that experienced lawyers may have felt a doubt as to the correctness of this opinion, inasmuch as years ago there was a case which the Court of Common Pleas decided in the contrary sense. But even on that occasion one of the judges dissented, and since then it happens that the question has never gone to a Court of Appeal, and has never even in an inferior Court been decided purely on its merits. The case of Debenham v. Mellon, which brought out the judgment of Wednesday, was fortunately a typical one. There was no allegation that the goods bought were not fairly to be called articles of necessity. There was no separation between husband and wife, nor apparently any ill-feeling between them. But the husband had forbidden his wife to run up bills and the bills had been run up. Therefore Mr. Justice Bowen decided that whatever *prima facie* presumption of authority there might be was rebutted by the fact of prohibition, and left to the jury only this question of fact, which was not disputed. This ruling was supported on Wednesday by Lords Justices Bramwell, Baggallay, and Thesiger, who were unanimous in their judgment. There must have been wailing and consternation in the counting-houses of not a few tradesmen when the decision was known.

The point of technical importance, of course, is the point whether or not it is necessary for the tradesman to be made aware of the husband's prohibition. It has always been contended by tradesmen themselves that this was necessary, while the unpleasantness of making something like domestic dissension evident has no doubt deterred most men from communicating the prohibition directly. In a case which occurred not long ago, but which unfortunately was not a typical case, as there was misconduct on the wife's side, the judge pointed out the impropriety committed by tradesmen who were in the habit not merely of asking no questions, but of taking steps rather to prevent than to procure information on the subject. It is a general, if not a universal, practice, to direct bills for goods ordered by lady to the lady herself and not to the husband, whence it sometimes happens that the first thing the latter hears of them is that the tradesman will wait no longer, and he has therefore no opportunity of checking the indebtedness. The wont of tradesmen on such occasions is to defend themselves by saying that "ladies would not like it" if they did otherwise. Lord Justice Bramwell's judgment makes terrible havoc of this ingenious plea. He points out that, though it may be a strong consideration for the tradesman not to offend his customers, that is a matter for the tradesman and not for the law. He might perhaps have added that the cases in which customers were offended would be precisely the cases in which it was desirable that the practice of concealment should not go on. The whole of the learned Judge's argument is full of the most painful common sense, which will make ladies and tradesmen justly and alike indignant. The latter estimable class of persons sometimes affect to be on too confidential, not to say sentimental, terms with their lovely customers to think of questioning their domestic happiness or doubting their honour. According to them, no suspicion of the existence of such a sordid person as a husband who objects to pay his wife's bills enters into their guileless heads. It is the joy, and should be the pride and object, of the husband to collect money for the adornment of the wife of his bosom. "For men must work and women must spend"

is the burden of an unpublished version of the late Canon Kingsley's touching song, which is said to have obtained (in MS.) an enormous success in linen-draping circles. It is also rumoured that in the same circles the well-known definition of man's duties, "C'est l'homme qui se bast et qui conseille," is translated, with some amplification, "The husband uselessly fights against his wife's bills, and takes the advice of counsel in vain on the subject." All this pleasant tradition is made of none effect by Wednesday's judgment. Lord Justice Bramwell, contemning the maxim that credit is the soul of trade, asks ruthlessly, "Why should wives have such authority?" The law, he thinks, knows nothing of any general usage in favour of having dress on credit. Perhaps there are people who are not so happily ignorant as the law; but it may be that that august entity knows only what ought to be and not what is. The judge, indeed, makes an exception in favour of the time-honoured weekly bill. So long as a husband lives with his wife, the butcher's bills may be run up without fear on the part of wife or butcher, which is indeed reasonable. Reason, it may be said, dictates the whole judgment rather than a regard for the finer feelings. There are a great many ladies who do not think of running up bills unknown to their husbands, and who yet, we fear, will feel aggrieved at the Lords Justices and their judgment. It is doubtless sweet to feel that opportunities of extravagance are open, even if the individual possessor of those opportunities be too virtuous to profit by them. The killing frost of Wednesday's judgment nips these opportunities, and limits the expensive powers of woman to a prosaic and perhaps beggarly allowance.

It is to be observed that there is one little remnant of the privilege, or rather the supposed privilege, which the judgment has spared. Much of Lord Justice Bramwell's reasoning goes to the extent of a total refusal to wives of any authority to pledge their husband's credit unless usage or permission can be pleaded. The actual terms, however, require that a prohibition shall have been issued, though it may simply be addressed in private to the wife, and need not be communicated to the tradesman, save on his express demand. It may be thought that, with the accustomed perfidy of man, this limitation is dwelt on rather to impress upon husbands the necessity of pronouncing the requisite formula than with a view of saving their last prerogative of expense to wives. But into this question we need not enter. Girls of spirit will doubtless think of forming a league to decline the bonds of matrimony with any man who does not renounce the power of prohibition beforehand. It is our painful duty to point out that here too the odious law has been beforehand with them. It is, we believe, a well-established principle in England that no ante-nuptial contract of such a kind is binding. It is doubtful, too, whether many women—or, for the matter of that, many human beings—would have strength of mind to refuse a definite allowance. "I do not," said an historical character, "know any one to whom a twenty-pound note would not be convenient," though we do not intend to hint that a twenty-pound note would satisfy any woman who respected herself. But when the perfidious husband offers a sum which is probably a good deal more than his innocent spouse has ever had lawful command of as a girl, or perhaps tenders the still more tempting cheque book, he has only to remark carelessly "You won't go beyond that," and the thing is done. Common decency demands a grateful and thoughtless "Of course not" in reply, though even the reply is not wanted. The prohibition is issued, and that is enough. From this great wrong a House of Lords cannot be expected to give relief, though there is no knowing what might be done by a House of Ladies. At present the law is clear, and the famous authority of women to pledge their husbands' credit is circumscribed within the narrowest limits. It will run to beef, but not to bonnets; a cabbage may be purchased without and even in spite of authority, but not a costume. A certain abuse, or rather possibility of abuse, is opened up by the exceptions. What if some desperate housewife were to open a truck-system with her milliner, and exchange steaks (expressly sanctioned by name in Lord Justice Bramwell's judgment) for the trappings of vanity? This idea, however, is probably the offspring of a depraved imagination. "How many steaks must I give for one ball-dress?" would be an interesting problem for an examiner of the higher forms of public schools, but hardly anything more. It will be rather curious to see whether the decision has any effect on the general practice of tradesmen. Many things have combined of late to hit hard the old practice of combining long prices and long credit. This judgment, though by no means likely to end retail dealing on credit, which is in some respects a convenient practice enough, must tend further to restrict it. It has very rarely been pronounced so authoritatively that in such dealing the law, if it does not exactly refuse to recognize credit, looks on it with a certain amount of disfavour. The burden of ascertaining the truth is, almost for the first time, thrown directly on the tradesman. Nor can it be said that it is unfair thus to throw it, because the balance of profit in the transaction undoubtedly lies with him, as is clearly perceived from the wide margin existing in most cases between cash and credit prices. Of course ladies are not alone in a leaning to credit, but perhaps it may be said that they are apt to continue fond of it longer than men, partly because of the very customary opinion which the Court of Appeal has just pronounced to be fallacious. Sooner or later a man has to pay his own bills; in the theory referred to a woman when once she was married had an almost unlimited credit to draw on. It is not very likely that

many ladies will expose themselves to the awkward consequences which, as was hinted in the judgment, would follow a false representation of authority; nor even in this case would the tradesman benefit. On the whole, nobody who need be much pitied suffers from the decision, and to a class of men who, with many and grave faults, possess after all some merit, and form a considerable proportion of the nation, it is distinctly good news.

THE STAFF COLLEGE.

IT appears that the subject of the Staff College is again exercising the minds of the military authorities, and a preliminary investigation is now being prosecuted which may or may not lead to the adoption of that panacea for all the ills that British institutions are heir to—a Committee of Inquiry. One of the principal questions to be propounded is whether the present regulations ensure that the best men—that is, the men best suited morally and physically for the staff—obtain admission to the College; and before proceeding to discuss this question it may be well if, for the benefit of our civilian readers, we state fully what those regulations are. An officer wishing to compete for entrance to the College must make his application while actually serving with his regiment or corps. He must have five years' service at least, and must produce a certificate from his commanding officer to the effect that he is in every respect a thoroughly good and efficient regimental officer. A Board consisting of the three senior officers of his regiment then reports confidentially upon the following subjects:—Whether the candidate's conduct is marked by steadiness, prudence, and temperance? Is he extravagant in his mode of living? Does he display activity, intelligence, discretion, and zeal in his profession? Is his disposition such as would enable him to perform the duties of the staff with tact and discrimination, in a manner calculated to ensure that orders which he might convey would be cheerfully carried out? or are his manners and temper objectionable and likely to cause him to disagree with those with whom he might be brought in contact? Is he active and energetic in his habits? A good or indifferent rider? and is he short-sighted or deaf? A medical certificate of good health and fitness for the active duties of the staff must also be furnished. Finally, the candidate must be attached for a month to the staff of a general officer, who at the end of that period will report confidentially on the officer's general fitness for staff employment, and especially on his aptitude for business and for conducting official correspondence. These preliminary tests being satisfactorily passed, the candidate may present himself at the competitive examination for admission to the College.

Now it might not unnaturally be supposed that an officer who combined in his own person all these qualifications, and who moreover possessed sufficient brains to place him among the successful twenty at the examination, would be something very much like perfection itself, and certainly admirably adapted in every way for the duties of the staff. It might also be supposed that by the time such a paragon had passed safely through the arduous and varied course of instruction at the College, he would be something quite too perfect—in fact, a combination of physical and intellectual excellence seldom to be found out of three-volume novels. Unfortunately, perfection is notoriously difficult of attainment, and it is well known in the service that here and there an officer obtains access to the College who does not by any means come up to the required standard of regimental efficiency. Let us suppose the case of an officer of some nine or ten years' service, who has spent nearly the whole of it with his regiment, taking his full share of foreign service and no more than his share of leave. He subscribes to all the regimental clubs and institutions, entertains guests at the mess, goes into society, and generally supports the credit of the corps. Possibly he has served with it in one of our numerous little wars, and wears a medal. Yet, in spite of all this, it is remarked that he is kept perpetually in the background—in a word, that he never comes to the front. His turn for detachment never seems to arrive, the adjutant being always ready with some unanswerable reason why his company is not to go just then. If his colonel is ordered to detail an officer for some special duty, he is sure not to be the one chosen. In short, he is kept under continual supervision, not from any actual or openly expressed dissatisfaction with him as an officer, but simply from a feeling that he had better not be trusted in any independent capacity. While he may be an excellent subordinate, no one ever dreams of placing him in any situation of command. The officer in question, having always been of a somewhat studious turn, determines one day to try to vary the monotony of regimental routine by going to the Staff College, and forthwith begins to study. When he feels himself sufficiently advanced, he formally announces his intention to his colonel and applies for the necessary certificate. The colonel at once finds himself in a dilemma. On the one hand, he feels perfectly convinced that the applicant has not the makings of a good staff officer in him, and he also knows that this conviction is shared by the regiment in general. On the other hand, is he to take upon himself the responsibility of depriving an officer against whom he can adduce no actual shortcomings of a chance of distinction? May he not after all be mistaken in his opinion, and is it not well known that many who have not been good regimental officers have succeeded on the staff? In despair he turns to the copies of his

own and his predecessor's confidential reports on the officer in question. He finds such terms as "careful," "steady," and "attentive," in abundance—in a word, all is mediocrity—and nothing further. But he cannot make up his mind to say "No," so the certificate is promised, and the candidate is passed on to the regimental Board. Here, again, there is the same unwillingness to cast the first stone at an old comrade, and eventually the examination is passed successfully, and he joins the College.

In this way, doubtless, some men who cannot be said to be thoroughly good regimental officers succeed in getting on the staff; but they are the exception, and not, as represented in certain quarters, the rule. Even when such officers have joined the College, they may fail at either the first or second yearly examination, or they may be unfavourably reported upon by the College authorities and removed. That the present system regulating admission is not perfect we admit; still the tests demanded are fixed at so high a standard that we can hardly wonder if they are not always rigidly fulfilled. Nor is it easy in time of peace to suggest any improvement on the old system of selection for the staff, which may be briefly described as nepotism tempered by favouritism, and anything is better than that. The real advantage of the Staff College is that it provides a body of men who must at the worst have been fairly good regimental officers, who possess a considerable share of brains and intelligence, and, more than all, who have proved their capacity and willingness for work. Thus a certain fixed, tangible standard of merit is provided; and we cannot at present see how any other system would answer better. For example, it has been laid down, and very justly, in the Queen's regulations, that officers who have not passed through the Staff College may yet be eligible for staff employment if they are of "proved ability in the field"; and there is no doubt that, if the term be accepted in its full and proper sense, such officers should have precedence of all others. But what is "proved ability in the field"? Will any two authorities agree in their definition of the term? An aide-de-camp or an orderly officer who safely delivers an important despatch at a critical moment may be considered by one general to have proved his ability, while another would ridicule the idea. The very vagueness of the term is dangerous, and in a protracted campaign might open the door to serious abuse. As we have already said, we are not prepared to suggest any improvement on the present mode of supplying the staff of our army. The intellectual and educational part of the process is an actual reality, which cannot be gainsaid or controverted; the moral part is, and must remain, to a certain extent, a matter of opinion; and where this element is once introduced into the question we must allow for human fallibility. Whatever faults there are in the system occur not in the College, but in the regiment; and the sole remedy that can be applied is for commanding and superior officers to harden their hearts and speak their opinions freely.

Another subject connected with the Staff College which will probably form a matter of inquiry is the curriculum of study. This, however, is comparatively a matter of detail, and doubtless some room for improvement may be found. There used to be, if we mistake not, an undue preponderance of subjects which are, or rather should be, left entirely to the Engineers and Artillery. For instance, permanent fortification was carried to an extent which would certainly appear excessive when it is remembered that, wherever siege operations on a large scale are undertaken, there are sure to be a sufficient number of engineer officers present. Again, the study of the manufacture and working of the heaviest guns, such as are only used on board ship or in places like Gibraltar or Malta, would appear unnecessary, for we certainly cannot be said to suffer from a dearth of artillery officers. It is constantly urged that the College course is too theoretical and not sufficiently practical; but for this there is no remedy. With the exception of the limited extent of country around Aldershot, every inch of which is familiar to nearly every officer in the service, we have no ground available for instruction. A certain sum is appropriated in the College estimates for manoeuvres, and accordingly once a year the commandant, professors, and students sally forth for a four or five days' trip, during which imaginary troops are conducted through imaginary operations, the sole reality about the affair being the expense. Practical training, whether for officers or men, means an unlimited extent of varied country, which with us is an impossibility. Some improvement on the present course may, however, be made with advantage, for military science is perpetually developing fresh features which demand attention and study.

There can be no doubt that the Staff College has done, and is doing, immense good in a quiet unobtrusive way. It has brought to the front dozens of good men who must otherwise have rusted in obscurity for want of interest, and, more than this, it has indirectly raised the intellectual level of our officers in general, inasmuch as every candidate who succeeds represents three or four more who, though they have failed, have yet studied. The names of such men as Evelyn Wood, Pomeroy Colley, and Redvers Buller—the latter of whom, however, quitted the College on service before completing his course—ought to convince the most sceptical on this point. As we remarked on a recent occasion, the nation is just now a little out of temper with military education in general; but, at any rate, we hope that the utility of the Staff College may not be impaired.

THE NEW BANKING ACT AT WORK.

THE *Statist* of Saturday last contains a very full and detailed account of the progress made under the new Act in limiting the liability of shareholders, the leading points of which are highly interesting. It may be recollect that about a month ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in the House of Commons that he was unofficially informed that more than half the unlimited banks had decided to avail themselves of the benefit of the Act of last year. The *Statist* has been at the pains to verify this statement, and it brings out a great number of other facts which the Minister could not touch upon in reply to a question. It will be seen, from what we proceed to show, that the success of the Act has been much greater and prompter than was generally expected. The Act was permissive, and for that reason it was commonly assumed that it must fail. The banks, it was said, never could come to an agreement among themselves, and without an agreement each would be afraid to act, lest it should give an advantage to its competitors. Moreover, the Act was passed in a hurry. Some clauses to which importance was attached were left out, and amendments very much desired were not seriously discussed. It was argued that legislation manifestly so incomplete could not be final; and it was concluded that bankers would wait for a more thorough measure. The obstacles which the Act had to overcome were therefore considerable; and the success it has attained is, for that reason, the more remarkable.

When the Act was passed matters stood in this way. Not reckoning the Bank of England—which, of course, is a limited bank, and to which the measure does not apply—there were altogether thirteen metropolitan banks, four of which were unlimited and nine limited. The four unlimited had a paid-up capital of 5,195,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 2,269,000*l.*, and shareholders numbering 11,596. The limited, on the other hand, had a paid-up capital of no more than 2,578,000*l.*, and a reserve fund of only 471,000*l.*; while the number of shareholders was barely 3,077. It will be seen from these figures how inconsiderable the limited banks were in comparison with the unlimited, here in London at least. Though in the proportion of nine to four, they had not half the paid-up capital; they had only one-fifth the reserve fund, and they had little more than a quarter of the number of shareholders. Indeed one single unlimited bank, the London and Westminster, had 50 per cent. more shareholders than all its nine limited competitors taken together; it had more than twice as large a reserve fund; and it had nearly four-fifths of their paid-up capital. But a great change has now taken place. Two of the four unlimited banks have decided to become limited, and their paid-up capital amounts to 2,600,000*l.*, or more than half the aggregate of the four; their reserve fund is also more than half, being 1,219,000*l.*; and the number of proprietors is nearly half, being 5,700. Thus the state of the case in London now is eleven limited banks, with a paid-up capital of 5,178,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 1,690,000*l.*, and 8,777 shareholders. On the other hand, the unlimited banks are only two; their paid-up capital is 2,595,000*l.*; their reserve fund, 1,051,000*l.*; and the number of shareholders, 5,896. Therefore, among the purely London banks, the unlimited have but half the paid-up capital, and they are weaker also as regards reserve fund and number of shareholders.

Coming now to the banks that are partly metropolitan and partly provincial, we find that when the Act passed there were unlimited and six limited. The three unlimited had a paid-up capital of 3,537,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 1,890,000*l.*, and their shareholders numbered 9,639. The six limited banks of the same class had a paid-up capital of 1,780,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 306,000*l.*, and their shareholders numbered 5,654. Here also, it will be seen, the limited banks were incomparably weaker than their unlimited competitors. But here the change has been complete. The three unlimited banks which were partly metropolitan and partly provincial have all decided to become limited. Consequently, the statement regarding this class of banks now is—they are nine in number; they are all limited, or becoming limited; they have a paid-up capital of 5,317,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 2,196,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders is 15,293. Coming in the last place to the purely provincial banks, there were of these, when the Act passed, fifty-five unlimited and forty-three limited. The fifty-five unlimited had a paid-up capital of 12,116,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 7,036,000*l.*, and the number of their proprietors was 20,146. The forty-three limited banks had a paid-up capital of 8,307,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 3,584,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders was 19,525. In this class, it will be seen, the pre-eminence of the unlimited banks was by no means so marked as in the other two. Their paid-up capital exceeded that of the limited banks by less than one-third; and there was not a great disparity of numbers as regards the shareholders. The change that has now taken place has transferred the superiority altogether to the limited banks. Twenty-three purely provincial banks formerly unlimited have decided to become limited. Of these the paid-up capital amounts to 5,368,000*l.*, the reserve fund to 3,418,000*l.*, and the number of shareholders to 10,824. The result is that the purely provincial banks already limited, or becoming limited, number sixty-six; their paid-up capital amounts to 13,675,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 7,065,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders to 30,349. On the other hand, the banks of the same class remaining unlimited now number no more than thirty-two; their paid-up capital amounts to only 6,730,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 3,608,000*l.*, and the number of their shareholders to

9,408. In other words, the purely provincial banks remaining unlimited are, as respects number, paid-up capital, and reserve fund, less than half as strong as the limited, and have not quite one-third as many shareholders.

To sum up what we have said, the case stood thus when the Act received the Royal assent; there were in England, Wales, and the Isle of Man altogether sixty-two unlimited banks, having an aggregate paid-up capital of 20,848,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 11,195,000*l.*, and shareholders numbering 41,381. Of limited banks there were altogether fifty-eight, having an aggregate paid-up capital of 12,665,000*l.*, a reserve fund of 4,361,000*l.*, and shareholders numbering 28,256. Thus in capital the limited banks had about three-fifths as much as the unlimited, and nearly three-fourths as many shareholders. Now the state of the case is as follows:—The number of unlimited banks is reduced to thirty-four, their paid-up capital to 9,325,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 4,659,000*l.*, and their shareholders to 15,304. On the other hand, the number of limited banks has been raised to eighty-six, their paid-up capital to 24,170,000*l.*, their reserve fund to 10,951,000*l.*, and their shareholders to 54,419. The number of limited banks is now 71·7 per cent. of the whole, their paid-up capital 72·1 per cent.; their reserve fund 70·2 per cent.; and the number of their shareholders 78 per cent. In other words, whether as respects number, capital, or shareholders, they constitute almost three-fourths of all the banking interest of England. Even this, however, does not represent the whole extent of the movement. At the end of the article referred to, the *Statist* prints a list of the banks still remaining unlimited, and in two columns it sets out any expressions of opinion on this subject contained in the reports lately issued, or elicited at the shareholders' meetings, and also any declarations of policy made. From this analysis it appears that out of the thirty-four banks, sixteen, or almost one-half, have expressed themselves in favour of limitation of liability, but for one reason or another have decided to take no step as yet. It is highly probable that of these sixteen some will follow the example so generally set them the next time they meet their shareholders. On the occasion already referred to, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the Government does not intend to legislate further in the matter. If the coming elections, then, result in a Conservative victory, the prospect of an amending Bill will become so remote that it is almost certain that such of the banks as are only waiting for further legislation will see the uselessness of waiting any longer. If, on the contrary, the Liberals gain a majority, it is likely that the banks which as yet have made no change will put off doing so until they have learned the intentions of the new Ministry. But sooner or later the universal limitation of liability appears to be assured. The figures we have quoted prove beyond a doubt that the Act of last year was no mere panic legislation, but was passed in response to a very genuine and well-founded demand. The Act, as we have already said, was not thoroughly considered, and is very incomplete; but with all its imperfections it has been accepted as a boon, and its provisions resorted to so generally and so promptly that we may be pretty sure the other banks will follow.

It is very desirable that they should do so. We need not now dwell upon the danger of a deterioration in the proprietary of banks which remain unlimited. This matter has been sufficiently discussed already. But there is another point of view from which, perhaps, the question has not been sufficiently regarded. Unlimited liability undoubtedly encouraged the giving of credit where credit was not deserved. It is notorious that the Glasgow Bank was able to continue the mal-practices which ruined so many hundred families, solely because the liability of its shareholders was unlimited. Its acceptances were given so recklessly, and were put in circulation in such enormous numbers, that again and again people grew alarmed, and made up their minds to have nothing more to do with its paper. But after a while they reflected that the Bank was unlimited, and that consequently, whatever might happen, the unfortunate shareholders would be responsible to the last penny belonging to them. It is in the highest degree improbable, indeed, that mismanagement such as that of the Glasgow Bank will soon again be witnessed. But mismanagement of a lesser kind is always to be apprehended, and unlimited liability indisputably fosters it. In another way, too, its influence is injurious. One of the great difficulties bank managers have to contend against is the accumulation of deposits in larger amounts than they can profitably employ. Of course the giving of interest attracts these deposits, and is thus at the root of the mischief. But it cannot be doubted that unlimited liability also counts for something in the matter. And it will be a relief to the banks themselves as well as a public advantage, if the movement now on foot should permanently check the undue accumulation of deposits which cannot be safely and prudently employed.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

M. DE NEUVILLE'S battle-piece, "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," is now being exhibited at the Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond Street. The picture is in many respects a remarkable one. It cannot be easy for a French painter, completely used to painting French scenes of battle, to adapt his figures to the English type. This M. de Neuville has succeeded

thoroughly in doing; and in this respect it is highly interesting to compare the finished picture with the small study which hangs on its right hand as one enters. This study, unlike the one on the left, takes a different view of the situation, and is extremely sketchy; but in spite of its sketchiness all the types are obviously French. The finished picture has remarkable force and spirit; and the details, thoughtfully conceived and admirably executed, combine to make a striking and lasting impression on the spectator. Every salient feature of this gallant defence which has been recorded is given its proper importance by the painter, who, while he has spared no pains in this matter, has made his composition impressive as a whole. The detached figures, among whom Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, Surgeon Reynolds, and the Rev. George Smith are prominent, stand out with due force; but there is no suggestion of the general effect being sacrificed to any particular detail. We have heard it objected that M. de Neuville has erred on the side of suppressing the "sensationalism" which some painters might have been tempted to get out of the savage bravery of the masses of Zulus, but it seems to us that in this matter his instinct and judgment have been highly artistic. There is, we think, more strength in the suggestion of the surging herd of warriors nearly hidden by the smoke, in which only a few figures are distinguishable, than there would have been in a more direct representation. The attention is fixed, as it should be, on the defenders, and their gestures, looks, and attitudes give a complete enough idea of the odds which their bravery has to encounter. If any fault were to be found with the actual painting of this fine work, we should be inclined to discover it in the flames which issue from the burning hospital; but flame is, no doubt, an exceedingly difficult thing to paint. There are, as we have hinted, many striking points of detail in the picture, among which we may refer to the expression of the wounded corporal on the left, who seems to forget his hurts in his excitement over the fortune of the fight, and to the admirably lifelike look of Surgeon Reynolds's bull-terrier in the central group. Altogether the picture is, as may have been supposed from what we have said already, a fine representation of a most impressive incident of warfare. The description of the work issued in the gallery is complete and careful, and contains the nominal list of all those who were engaged in the defence. There is considerable interest to be found in the comparison of the finished picture with the two small studies which hang on either side of it.

The present exhibition at the French Gallery, though it contains no such striking pictures as M. de Neuville's "Le Bourget," exhibited there some little time ago, is well up to the mark in general excellence. One of the most remarkable pictures to be seen there is M. Olivier Merson's "Flight into Egypt" (8). This is a work of which the general impression is fine. It represents with much accuracy and beauty a calm starlit night in the plains. The atmosphere is admirably luminous; and at first sight the figure of the Sphinx, against one paw of which the Virgin lies sleeping with her child in her arms, is imposing enough. Unfortunately, a further examination will show that the Virgin must be, at a moderate computation, about forty feet high. In spite of this curious blunder, the quality of light in the picture, and its general idea, cannot but prove attractive. Corot's "Lake Nemi" (17), with a single figure of a bather climbing out of the water, which hangs on the same wall, is a fine specimen of the master's work, and shows in a marked degree his pathetic sympathy with, and power of interpreting, the shifting moods of nature. On the opposite wall is a large, but not particularly admirable, picture by M. von Angeli, entitled "The Avenger of his Honour." The work is strictly conventional, and painted with a painfully smooth accuracy. It might pass, with a few alterations, for the death of Rizzio; but to us it is suggestive of nothing so much as of that well-known and clever satire in etching, "La Fin de l'Acte à l'Opéra." Of the other large pictures M. Salmon's "An Arrest in Picardy" (159) has much truth and movement, the figure of the accusing woman shaking an angry fist in the culprit's face being particularly good, while the atmosphere of the whole work is remarkable; and M. Bille's "Avant la Pêche" (186) is a delightfully bright and pleasant composition, something in the manner of M. Israels in his happier moods. M. Constant's "Sur les Terrasses—Tanger" (172) is an odd work, gorgeous, but not altogether pleasing in colour, and the principal figure is a woman with a painfully and startlingly masculine head. M. Kauffmann's power of humour is illustrated in several small works, amongst which we may single out for special praise "The Village Belle" (123). M. Hefner sends some striking and beautiful landscape studies, the best of which perhaps is "The Forest Glade" (200). The Gallery contains many imitations, varying in merit, of M. Meissonier's style, and M. Domingo, a master in the same school, is represented by a tiny work, "A Game of Piquet" (206), in his accustomed manner, the full merit of which can only be discovered by the aid of a magnifying glass. M. de Neuville sends a finely painted, but not very interesting, picture, "Giving the Password" (23); and Mr. Alma-Tadema a charming little episode of antique life, "A Well-Protected Slumber" (205).

Mr. Frith has painted, and Mr. Tom Taylor has described in a handbook issued to visitors, a series of anecdotes on canvas entitled "The Race for Wealth," which are shown at the King Street Galleries. Mr. Tom Taylor goes audaciously to work. On the first page he strikes the parallel between Mr. Frith and

Hogarth; quoting from the latter his explanation of the essentially dramatic purpose of his paintings. "I have endeavoured," wrote Hogarth, "to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer, my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and postures are to exhibit a dumb show." No doubt Mr. Frith has also endeavoured to do this; but beyond that point the parallel suggested by Mr. Tom Taylor will not hold good. He might as well have quoted in defence of Romeo Coates, to keep to Hogarth's dramatic metaphor, the "endeavours" of Garrick to interpret the character of Romeo. Mr. Frith's productions are dramatic in the same sense in which the performances of a bad actor are dramatic, and, with the exception of one single figure in one of the groups, in no other sense. The exhibition of "a dumb show" may have high interest, but that depends upon the figures having the attributes of life, and seeming as if they could speak if they would. This is what is found in the works of the great painter between whom and Mr. Frith Mr. Tom Taylor has ventured to suggest a comparison, and it is precisely what is not found in the works of Mr. Frith. The figures are no better than dummies; and the accompaniments of the figures, the furniture and appointments of each scene, are painted in the most dingy and scratchy manner, instead of being, as in Hogarth, instinct with the full skill of a master of his craft. The first of Mr. Frith's series shows the interior of a speculator's office, with various details, all of which Mr. Tom Taylor, who never aims at criticism throughout his showman's catalogue, describes at length. In one instance he displays something of the imagination which some superior showmen put into their "patter," for he discovers "a touch of ruth" in the profoundly inexpressive face of a young clerk who is exhibiting a mining map. In doing this he does injustice, it would seem, to the subject of his eulogy. We cannot suppose that Mr. Frith thinks such a speculator as he represents would not take care to inspire "young clerks" with belief in himself. The clock, Mr. Tom Taylor points out to us, "marks half past eleven"; and he proceeds to comment on this exquisite touch by saying, "Visitors can be early in the city on such business—the greener, the eagerer." The second scene, an "at home" at the speculator's house, is chiefly remarkable for the fact that in the pictures on the walls "we can identify work of Turner, Egg, and C. Leslie, Frank Stone, and Linnell." This is, of course, profoundly interesting. The third scene is ushered in with notes of admiration. "The bubble has burst! The blow has fallen! We are in the cosy breakfast parlour of the comfortable country rector," of whom Mr. Tom Taylor goes on to say that "he sits with bowed head in collapse; who shall say with what bitter whisperings of self-reproach?" To us, we confess, he looks remarkably stolid and comfortable, perhaps a trifle sleepy. As for the "young sailor-boy, new (*sic*) come home, who sits in his naval cadet's jacket, the focus of the glow and light of family love," he is even more of a dull and wooden doll than the two daughters, who "have started up, their arms round each other, as if for mutual strength and support." The one good touch in the group and the one and only good thing in the series is the figure of the mother, which has some real feeling. We need hardly go at length through these performances. We have already dwelt upon their commonplaceness, their want of invention and imagination, and it is only necessary to add that their flatness and vulgarity is not redeemed by any technical excellence. Mr. Tom Taylor's guide-book is admirably suited to its purpose, and ends with these profound remarks, "The race for wealth has been run. We see the end of one of the favourites." Perhaps if we could follow the others whom we saw entered for the race, we should find their finish, if less ignominious, hardly more happy."

REVIEWS.

THE TEMPLE AT BUDDHA-GAYA.*

THE disinterment of some Merovingian King who looks upwards in placid majesty for a moment from his golden shroud, and then, shroud and all, collapses into dust, is but a type of what happens more slowly in other cases. Some building, perhaps but a fragment, which has lain unknown and unvisited for two thousand years, is discovered, fresh in beauty and sharpness of detail, preserved perhaps by the rubbish-heaps with which its would-be destroyers had covered it; a few years pass and its treasures of rarity and beauty have disappeared; often no one can tell how or why. Sometimes, indeed, the how and why is obvious enough. Thus General Cunningham, defending his action in removing the best sculptures of Bharahut against the lamented Professor Childers, who found in the proceeding "an arena of Vandalism," says justly:—"I am willing to accept the aroma, since I have saved all the more important sculptures. Of those that were left behind, every stone that was removable has since been carted away by the people for building purposes." In any case we must accept the dilemma. The veil of ages once lifted cannot be replaced. What we should desire then is speedy and accurate measurement, description, and illustration, before the inevitable acceleration of decay begins. These remarks are suggested by two works which

* *Buddha-Gaya; the Hermitage of Sâkyâ Muni.* By Rajendralâ Mitra, LL.D., C.I.E., &c. Published under the Orders of the Government of Bengal. Calcutta.

have recently reached us, both illustrating Buddhistic localities of great interest—namely, General Cunningham's account of the Stupa of Bharahut (with which we shall not deal at present), and Dr. Rajendralála Mitra's monograph on Buddha-Gayá. The latter has been described not a day too soon, and to the learned Doctor and Pundit thanks are due for his endeavours to secure a record of what remained before decay and vandalism should have done their worst.

Buddha-Gayá never sank into the safe oblivion that shielded the fragments of Bharahut and Amaravati, two places the origin of whose sanctity can only be surmised. Benares, where Sákya first preached his doctrine, has become the metropolis of another Law. Kapila, his birthplace, Kusinagara, the place of his Nirvána, had passed out of sight and memory, till rescued by the same engineer officer whose services to Indian history will never allow the name of Cunningham to be forgotten. But Buddh-Gayá, even after the last pool of Buddhist doctrine had dried up in India, continued to draw from foreign lands devout pilgrims with presents and well-intentioned restorers. Its sacredness was due to the fact that round its ruined shrines once stood the groves of Uruvilá, where Sákya passed through his six years of asceticism; and here beneath a pipal tree on the banks of the Nairanjana—the Lílásan of our day, probably the Erenysia of Megasthenes—after abandoning asceticism as vain, he accomplished the “meditation of perfection” by which he was believed to have achieved the Buddhahood. If any one would read in pleasant and poetic abridgment what befell this prince of hermits in the years of his penance and in the days of his final struggle and victory, we refer him to the charming quasi-Tennysonian verse of Mr. Edwin Arnold, which has lately won him from the sympathetic King of Siam the appropriate Order of the White Elephant.

Here then at Buddh-Gayá—so called to distinguish it from other localities of Hindu sanctity in the same district—sacred sites were crowded together as closely as the holy places of Jerusalem in the traditions of the monks:—

Every spot where the Saint had rested or taken his meal, every pool in which he had laved his person or washed his scanty raiment, every nook or corner connected in some way or other with his long-protracted meditations and self-torture, once had its recording-stone; and nothing was left undone to produce an uninterrupted page of monumental history for the period he devoted to the acquirement of perfection in the knowledge of good and evil.—p. 21.

Of these sacred places the focus and most sacred of all was Bodhidrúma, the Tree of Understanding, the pipal under whose shade the climax had been reached. And for all these local monuments of Buddhist tradition the Chinese Hwen Thsang's narrative remains to us as an indicator, like those of the Arculls, and Willibalds, and Burchards of the earlier and later middle ages for Jerusalem. He found the Bodhi-tree (c. A.D. 637) surrounded by an oblong walled enclosure of brick, some 20 feet in height and 500 paces in circuit, and girdled with umbrageous trees. In the centre of this enclosure stood the “Diamond Throne,” dating from the foundation of the world. When all the world quaked this throne alone was unmoved, and seated on it all the Buddhas of past ages had achieved the divine climax of wisdom and power. And there, immovable it still remained; only, since the degeneracy of this later Kalpa, sand and soil had spread over the precious adamant, and it was no longer visible. Above its site, however, still grew the tree, which had undergone many vicissitudes, but survived them all. Close on the east of the tree was a lofty *vihára* (the word originally meaning a place of recreation, then a monastery, but, like that word in its other shape of *minster*, often used as here for the shrine attached to the monastery), “built of blue bricks covered with lime,” 160 or 170 feet in height, with a base of 20 paces square. Its façades rose in tiers of niches, each containing a figure of Buddha, and combined with other elaborate sculptures and images of Rishis or holy anchorites, the whole crowned with a gilt copper *amlaaka*, the *dónla* or emblem myrobalan—in fact, with a many-lobed orange-like spheroid. On the east side (that of the entrance) a two-storyed pavilion had been erected, in contact with the tower, bearing a high-pitched triple roof. Of the many sacred sites and buildings described by Hwen Thsang, this, the great temple, alone remains manifest. The Brahmins have adopted the general traditional sanctities of the place, though not now occupying that monument. A Sivaite monastery has been built at hand; and, by a strange perversion, many of the numerous votive dagobas which had gathered round the Buddhist shrine have been adopted as the gross emblem of Mahadeo, and planted over the sepulchres of defunct sanniyásis.

Curious questions have arisen as to the age of the great temple as we now see it. General Cunningham, after showing in detail the remarkable precision with which it agrees in dimensions and in several other particulars with those given by Hwen Thsang, comes to the conclusion “that we now see before us the very temple which Hwen Thsang visited and described in A.D. 637. To all those who have seen the temple this opinion has appeared equally certain and conclusive” (*Archæol. Reports*, vol. iii. p. 91). Judging from the exterior alone, there could thus be hardly room for doubt that the building is the same that was seen in the seventh century. The interior structure, as it is, consists of a cell of oblong rectangular form (20 feet 4 inches by 13 feet), covered, at 22 feet from the floor, with a pointed vault. Above this is another chamber, also oblong, and similarly vaulted at about an equal height. And such doubt as has arisen regarding the identity of the present building with that seen by Hwen Thsang has been suggested by these

vaults; for it has been a generally accepted doctrine that the Hindus were ignorant of the true arch, or at least never used it; their openings, where a lintel was not employed, being formed by the horizontal arch, in which each layer of brick or stone is stepped or corbelled out until the narrowed space can be spanned. This is exactly the same principle on which rivers in the Himálaya, when not exceeding forty or fifty yards in width, are bridged with logs of cedar. The treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, and the cell of Maes-How in Orkney, are instances of this construction in stone; and it is in this way that the towers, corridors, and openings of old Hindu temples on the Continent, as well as those in Java, and in Cambója, are closed in. It is thus that the doorways of the Kutub Minár at Delhi, and the splendid arches of the adjoining mosque, and great tomb of Alí-uddín, are formed. In these latter cases we find the Hindu artisan carrying out the orders, perhaps the design, of the Mahomedan Lord, who could at least rudely sketch the form of the openings he desired, though he could not teach constructive detail.

Now it is very remarkable that the arches of the Buddh-Gayá Temple are of a very peculiar kind (which we shall presently explain), and that kind the same that is so extensively used in the great mediaeval structures at Pagán on the Irawadi; whilst it is also an historical fact, known from an inscription still existing on the spot, that the Buddh-Gayá Temple was in some measure, large or small, restored or repaired by a mission from one of the Burmese kingdoms (apparently Arakan), in the year 1305–6. Putting these two facts together, it is not wonderful that the belief should have been adopted by Mr. Fergusson and others that the “restoration” accomplished by the Burmese in the fourteenth century went far towards reconstruction, and included the building of the vaulted cells. It may be added that the three-storied arrangement of cell above cell, though most unusual in Indian shrines of any kind, has exact parallels among the great brick temples on the Irawadi. In 1865 Mr. Fergusson, in a letter printed by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, expressed his opinion thus:—

I see no reason to doubt the evidence of the inscription that the building was erected in the first years of the fourteenth century. From its architecture . . . I should have been inclined to make it even more modern; and the evidence of the arches . . . is to my mind conclusive that it was erected long after the Mahomedan conquest. Had it been built by true Hindus they would not have been found there even then; but the Burmese never hated the arch so cordially as the true Hindoo. . . . I feel nearly quite certain that the arches were inserted and the tower took its present form in the beginning of the fourteenth century.

We may observe in passing that the penultimate remark about the Burmese, so far as it applies to their mediaeval buildings (and practically now they never build except in timber), would be fairly paralleled by another apophthegm which (*pace tanti viri*) we will hazard here—namely, that the Dutchman never hated sausages like the true Osmanli Turk. Mr. Fergusson is not one apt to change his opinions. But so strong have we apprehend, been the arguments urged by General Cunningham on this subject (*Archæological Reports*, vol. iii.), that in the last form of the Oriental portion of his great work (*The History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*, 1876), Mr. Fergusson's views show evident modification. His latest utterance will be found at p. 70 of that work. It intimates in effect that the substantial identity of the existing structure with that of the seventh century may be accepted, but that the arches are mediaeval additions by the Burmese.

The peculiarity of these arches is this; that the bricks, instead of lying flat face to flat face, with the arch joints parallel to the abutment, are laid edge to edge, with the arch joints at right angles to the abutment. In fact, they are exactly like the segments of those flat circular or annular cakes, cut by lines radiating from the centre, that we see in a confectioner's window. This peculiar arch is also that used in all the great vaults or “caves,” as the Burmese call them, of the temples at Pagán, though in the minor openings of those buildings arches of ordinary European structure (i.e. with the bricks laid face to face), whether pointed, cusped, triangular, or even perfectly flat, are common. When these peculiar arches were first described in the narrative of Major Phayre's Mission to Ava in 1855, they were not known to exist in India; but the identity of the arches at Buddh-Gayá was recognized by General Cunningham and others some years later, and naturally the first impression was that they had been introduced by the Burmese restorers of 1305–6. From a further study of the building, however, General Cunningham has arrived at a conviction that the internal arching, though not part of the original construction, is of a date prior to Hwen Thsang's visit, and he finds this addition to elucidate a story which that worthy relates. This story tells how the pious Minister of an heretical king, who tried to destroy the Bodhi-tree, was ordered by his master to remove the Buddha image and substitute an emblem of Mahadeo. The Minister tried “to make the best of both worlds” by building a screen-wall before the Buddha, and setting up the Mahadeo in front of it. Assuming that the cell was originally square (as it assuredly was), the screen-wall would destroy its symmetry; and General Cunningham conceives that the vault and its abutment walls were introduced at this time, reducing, as they would, the deformed cell again to quadrilateral symmetry. This ingenious argument certainly goes very near carrying conviction. Dr. Rajendra, who supports it strongly, cites another ancient temple at Kunch in the same district, where there has also been an evidently subsequent introduction of a vaulted lining to the cell. It is true that, as he says, there is here no reason to suspect Burmese intervention. Still it is to be noted that at Kunch, as at

Buddh-Gayá, the corbelled construction belongs to the original edifice, the radiated arch is the later addition. And we can hardly suppose that here also was enacted the little drama of the heretic king and the Buddhist Minister. So that altogether the evidence of the Kunch temple is by no means decisive.

Demonstration, however, of the antiquity of the arch in India has recently been found. In vol. viii. of the *Archaeological Report of India*, Mr. Beglar, one of General Cunningham's assistants, describes his exploration of an ancient site at Nongarb, a place adjoining the East Indian Railway in Behar. The result of the excavation was to show that a small temple had existed on the site; that in course of time this temple fell in ruins, and became a low mound; that subsequently over this mound a stupa was built. From the fragment of an image bearing an inscription the temple is assigned with probability to the age of the Christian era. In any case Mr. Beglar found that this temple, ruined, and buried, and piled with rubbish over which a Buddhist top had been built, had been vaulted with bricks set edge to edge, in the fashion of the Burmese temples, and of those of Kunch and Buddh-Gayá. This discovery seems to prove beyond question that, however limited was the use of the true arch by the Hindus, they did know it some two thousand years ago in this peculiar form, and occasionally used it. We gather also that this form of construction was carried from India by the architects, whoever they were, of those wonderful structures at Pagán. We suspect that the origin of this kind of arch was entirely independent of any Western influences. It is precisely similar to the structure of very ancient wells in Upper India. In these we often find the steining to be formed of large flat bricks or tiles, moulded so as to radiate from the centre of the well when laid in their annular bed. The brick arch of the Behar temples looks like a direct transfer of this construction from the well, where it was intended to resist horizontal pressure, to the vault, where it resists vertical pressure.

We have spoken of repairs by the Burmese in 1305-6. The character of these seems to have been exactly such as their countrymen have applied to the great temples on the Irawadi; and the accounts we have of the latter illustrate aptly the deterioration which formerly made Mr. Fergusson hesitate to recognize, in the existing tower of Buddh-Gayá, a relic even of the splendours described by Hwen Thsang. In the *Mission to Ava* (p. 44) we read of the Pagán temples:—

It is only from the study and comparison of the remains of the unrepaired and unbarbered temples that their full intention and true character can be made out. Every main cornice, for instance, is crowned with a sort of battlemented parapet, assuming in the repaired buildings a coarse incongruous appearance in rude plaster-work. In the temples which remain in their original state . . . we find these battlements to be but the settings of embossed and glazed, and sometimes richly-coloured, tiles, which in fact must have formed a brilliant "polychromatic" coronet to each successive terrace of the temple. In the basement mouldings . . . the upper limb is an ogee carved in bold foliation of truly classical character. This, in the restorations and beautifications, has been . . . degraded into an idiotic and misplaced repetition of the battlemented crown of the cornice.

And so on. Compare this with Dr. Rajendra's observations at Buddh-Gayá, where the material is precisely the same, i.e. brick-work of an extraordinarily fine kind, but set only in clay and coated with plaster:—

The plastering shows that the mouldings had undergone at least three successive repairs. . . . The repairers were in every case less efficient than those who built the temple. . . . Most of the finer stucco mouldings have been covered over—fine, bold, clear scrolls and forms, which with the first touch of the repairer became coarse and rude, and subsequently entirely hidden, changing well-formed, ribbed-melon capitals into misshapen round balls, and floral bases into plain toruses (pp. 86-87).

Whatever mischief may have been done by the Burmese of the fourteenth century, possibly their labours helped to preserve so much of the old temple as has survived to our day. Unfortunately no such apology can attach to renewed efforts of like kind made recently:—

Certain Burmese gentlemen [writes Dr. Rajendra], deputed by H.M. the King of Burma, arrived at Buddh-Gayá at the beginning of 1877, and with the sanction of the Mahant [i.e. the Abbot of the adjoining convent], who is the present owner of the temple . . . carried on demolitions and excavations . . . which in a manner swept away most of the landmarks. The remains of the vaulted gateway . . . had been completely demolished . . . the stone pavilion over the Bodhipad [foot-mark] had been dismantled . . . the granite plinth beside it had been removed . . . the sites of the chambers brought to light by Major Mead had been cleared out. The drain-pipe and gargoyle which marked the level of the granite pavement had been destroyed. The foundations of the old buildings noticed by Hienou Thsang around the Great Temple had been excavated for bricks, and filled up with rubbish. The revetment wall round the sacred Bodhi-tree had been rebuilt on a different foundation. The plaster ornaments on the interior face of the sanctuary had been knocked off and covered with a coat of plain stucco . . . The Burmese gentlemen were doubtless very pious and enthusiastic in the cause of their religion, but they were working on no systematic or traditional plan. They were ignorant of the true history of their faith, and perfectly innocent of all knowledge of architecture, and the requirements of archaeology and history; and the mischief they have done by their misdirected zeal has been serious.—p. 66.

Some fanciful traveller has called the capital of the Siamese the Eastern Venice; but, with the late proceedings at St. Mark's fresh in memory, this recital might tempt a malignant suggestion that that title belongs of right to the Burmese. If these "Burmese gentlemen" had indeed "no traditional plan," they had at least a traditional model; it was that of the bull in a china-shop. But was all this perpetrated before any rumour of it could travel fifteen miles to the head-quarters of the district? Or was the collector an archæologic Gallo who cared for none of these things? The fact is that at present such risks are left to chance or the caprice

of the civil authority. It is needful that law should make it as binding on the civil authorities of an Indian district to prevent the destruction of history as to protect property. It was understood last year that Lord Lytton had such bill in *petto*. We trust he will not delay its introduction. When the line of railway to Candahar is laid, the lines of our future Afghan policy must be pretty well laid also; but much experience shows that it is just in such matters as this of archaeology (*i.e.* of the protection of historical records), that all depends on the ruler's feeling an exceptional interest in the subject. Lord Lytton does feel that interest; his successor may be indifferent. Mr. Sherring, in his *History of Benares*, tells us that the remains at Sarnath, where the fragment of a magnificent stupa still commemo rates the spot where Sakyā began to "turn the Wheel of the Law," have contributed many cartloads of sculptured and other stones to the building of two bridges. A rock at the mouth of Singapore river, inscribed with ancient Indian characters, and well known as an object of historical interest ever since Raffles laid the foundation of the modern town, was blown up, some thirty or forty years ago, in defiance of remonstrance, because it stood in the way of some trumpery bungalow. And Mr. Rivett Carnac last year brought to notice the growing danger to all ancient remains from the very fact of the spread of a kind of antiquarian taste, and the opening of the tourist market for curiosities. Nothing will meet these dangers, as well as the older and more brutal kinds of vandalism, but law.

Dr. Rajendra's book contains many other points of interest, intelligently discussed or touched on. It has been published by order of the Government of Bengal, and apparently owes its origin to the Burmese freaks of which we have spoken. That Government, on hearing of those proceedings, sent Dr. Rajendra to the spot to watch and advise, but apparently too late for any good purpose. Having made his official report, he found himself in possession of a good deal of material which he thought it well to utilize in a monograph on the subject. After noticing the labours of his predecessors on this field, he writes:—

Coming . . . after so many distinguished inquirers, I could only hope to glean where they had reaped the harvest. In the following pages I have, therefore, attempted to follow their footsteps, to elucidate questions left doubtful by them, to elaborate where they are brief, to fill up *lacunæ*, and to summarize all that is worth knowing of a locality which occupies a most important position in the religious history of India.

As regards much of the scope thus indicated, Dr. Rajendra has done good service, and we can cordially praise him, though we could hardly regard the book with complacency as the result of a Government archaeological survey of one of the most famous sites in India, or as the original work of a European archeologist. In the matter of illustration there is much in this handsome volume that is open to criticism. No one of the numerous plates gives a just idea of the general impression of this majestic temple. For that we must go to Mr. Fergusson's work (see the admirable cut at p. 70). There is no attempt to give a much-needed section of the temple, or to elucidate graphically the remains of the pavilion spoken of by Hwen Thsang. In his attempt to compile restorations of the tower and its porch, Dr. Rajendra went *ultra crepidam*, and the latter attempt is indeed ridiculous. It is curious, we may remark in passing, that among the great remains of Pagán there is a temple called the *Bodhi*, dating from about A.D. 1200, which was evidently intended as a reproduction of the shrine at Buddh-Gayá. A photograph of this exists in Colonel Tripe's collection in the India Office Library. We must dwell for a moment, however reluctantly, on the defective character of Dr. Rajendra's attempts in this way, because rumours have reached us of some intention on the part of the Bengal Government to "restore" the structure. This is a wild idea. What they may well do is to spend money in exploring thoroughly the mass of rubbish which still encompasses the temple; to procure, by aid of special scaffolding, accurate measurements, drawings, and large-scale photographs of the facts of the architecture as they are; and to see that the building has every fair chance given it to live out its natural life. But any attempt at the *restoration* of such a structure is absurd; and the only possible repair will hardly commend itself, for it would necessarily be in the Burmese fashion—namely, a new coat of plaster.

Dr. Rajendra in his natural character as a Sanskrit scholar speaks with more mastery of his subject. And his remarks in condemnation of the inscription regarding the origin of the Buddh-Gayá Temple, which was published by Sir C. Wilkins in vol. i. of the *Asiatic Researches*, are weighty. It is impossible, we should think, after reading them to regard that inscription as anything but a modern figment, a conclusion to which Buchanan Hamilton, no pundit but a shrewd observer, came long ago, though the document has since been treated as if it were a genuine record.

SCHIERN'S LIFE OF BOTHWELL.*

ALTHOUGH bearing the name of the Earl of Bothwell, this work may fairly be reckoned as adding one more to the long list of volumes which the misfortunes of the unhappy princess whose connexion with the Earl wrought so much woe have called

Life of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. By Frederick Schiern, Professor of History in the University of Copenhagen. Translated from the Danish by the Rev. David Berry, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1880.

into being. Nearly two-thirds of the book have been got through before Mary Stuart disappears from its pages, and Bothwell is left to thread his way as best he can through the maze of troubles that he has spread for himself. This was perhaps unavoidable, as the fortunes of the two were so closely intertwined that to explain the nature of Bothwell's position in Scotland at the time when he left it, it was necessary to take a retrospective view of the events which had happened in the kingdom for the years immediately preceding that date. In so doing Professor Schiern has made himself thoroughly familiar with the authorities on both sides, and has been struck, as every student of the history of those times must be struck, by the very contradictory nature of the evidence produced by these authorities. Truly, one is driven to the conclusion that either all persons who wrote in those days had a wonderful gift of lying, or else that some of the witchcraft they were so fond of talking about had really affected them. For there is hardly one circumstance connected with Mary Stuart but is told in a different way, according as the teller of it is her partisan or her accuser. To neither of these classes can Professor Schiern be said to belong absolutely, though he certainly leans more to the side of the Queen's defenders, and evidently thinks that the "Casket Letters" were spurious. While hesitating to cast upon the Queen any of the guilt of Darnley's murder, this author cannot, in the face of facts, acquit her of having had any secret understanding with Bothwell before the day when he carried her off, apparently against her will, to Dunbar. He thinks that "a middle way seems still capable of being found, which may come nearer the truth." As, however, Professor Schiern has not yet found out that Mary did not marry Bothwell, and as he cannot gainsay the fact that she advanced him to the highest honours in the kingdom when the voice of the people was denouncing him as the King's murderer, such a "middle way" seems as far from being got at as ever. The story of Mary Stuart's fortunes and misfortunes has been so often told that it is needless to enter in detail into all that Professor Schiern has to say about it. The real interest of his book lies in the information which it contains about the life of Bothwell after the surrender at Carberry. From that day this man, who had been the prominent figure in all Scottish affairs, and whose position was as well secured as the favour of the Sovereign, the bond of the lords, and an armed following of four thousand men could make it, disappears from the scene, and his name is heard no more, save in the denunciations launched against him as a murderer, an outlaw, and a pirate, whom all friends of Scotland were entreated to deliver up to justice. Like the poor woman in whose ruin he had had so large a share, Bothwell was doomed to pass the last years of his wild and stormy life in close imprisonment in a remote corner of a foreign land. There he died forgotten and unmourned even by his nearest kindred. So utterly was he lost sight of by his contemporaries that he was believed to be dead while he was still lingering in prison, and that they did not even know the name of the castle in which he was confined. The only trustworthy information concerning the latter period of his life must be sought from Scandinavian sources. The existence of documents throwing light upon the history of Bothwell was first brought into notice by the Danish historian Suhm, at the close of the last century. The MS. which he found in the Royal Library of Stockholm, together with other contributions to the subject from the Danish State Archives, was printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1829; but, owing to the limited number of copies printed, this book is now so scarce as to be hardly obtainable. These documents, together with every other scrap of written or printed matter in any way connected with his subject, Professor Schiern has carefully examined and compared. His book is therefore not only well written and interesting, but, at the same time, is so thoroughly trustworthy that it can well bear the test of close critical examination. He has succeeded in making his story both clear and connected—no easy task, seeing that the same fatality which prevented any two people seeing the doings of Mary Stuart in the same light seems to have touched the history of Bothwell too. In Scotland it was commonly believed that when he left Dunbar he took to the high seas as a pirate until he was captured in battle by the Danes. And Professor Schiern mentions that but a few years ago a picture was exhibited in the Danish Academy representing the action in which he was taken. That battle, it seems, never took place, and is merely one of the many myths connected with the name of this notorious noble.

The true story of his adventures, as we gather it from Professor Schiern's pages, is briefly this. After leaving the field of Carberry he rode straight to Dunbar, and thence put to sea with two vessels and made for Spynie Castle, which was in possession of his uncle, Bishop Hepburn, of Moray. From Spynie he sailed for his own dukedom of the Orkneys. But, as the keeper of Kirkwall Castle showed himself unfriendly, the Earl stayed there but two days and passed on to Shetland. There he hired two more vessels from German merchants, and with these he made for Bressay Sound, hoping that, as the stormy season had already begun, he might be able to pass the winter there unmolested. Suddenly the Scotch and English cruisers that were sent in pursuit of him appeared in the Sound. Bothwell's ships slipped their cables and got out to sea, passing safely over a rock on which one of their pursuers struck. But the enemy followed close, and off the coast a battle was fought, and one of Bothwell's ships was taken. Thanks to a strong south-west wind, he himself, with two of his vessels, got off into the North Sea. But the gale that had stood him in good stead up to this point now went a little too

far, and carried him on to the coast of Norway. Here he fell in with a Hanse ship, which piloted his ships into Karm Sound. While they were there, a Danish war-ship, under the command of the famous Captain Christian Aalborg, came to Karm; and, when he found that these strangers were without commissions, sea-briefs, or passports, he made up his mind to take them to Bergen. As they were a numerous company, to effect this required some generalship. Aalborg got eighty of Bothwell's men on board his own ship on pretence of supplying them with provisions, put some of his own crew in their places, and summoned the peasants of the neighbourhood to assist him in taking these pirates before he let his intention be known to the pirates themselves. Then, to Aalborg's surprise, Bothwell, who had hitherto kept in the background, came forward, and introduced himself as the King of Scotland. As he was dressed in an old boatswain's suit, all his clothes having been left behind in one of his ships in Shetland, Aalborg did not believe the story, and made the whole party come with him to Bergen. He then reported the pretensions of his prisoner to the Governor of the Castle, who called together the chief people in Bergen and came on board to inquire into the case. He asked Bothwell for his passport, to which he haughtily replied that, as he was the chief ruler in his own land, he could get a passport from no one higher than himself. Still the Governor was not satisfied, but thought that if Bothwell were such an exalted personage he must have some very suspicious reasons for travelling in such guise. The upshot of the inquiry was that Bothwell was told he must remain at Bergen till the King's pleasure was known. He was in nowise under restraint, but lived at his own charges in an inn in the town, and was treated as a person of distinction by the Governor and the chief people of the place. It would have been better for the Earl in the end if he had kept more in the background, for he met in society a lady who claimed to be his first, and therefore only lawful, wife. She summoned him before the Court, and told how long years before he had decoyed her away from her home and country, read in his presence the letters in which he had promised to marry her, and denounced him for his faithlessness in having married two other wives, to wit, Lady Jane Gordon, and finally the Scottish Queen. This was certainly rather an unpleasant way of establishing his identity, and to appease the indignant lady Bothwell had to promise her an annuity from Scotland, and to hand over to her the smaller of his two ships. His captain, too, was seized, and put in prison for previously committed piracy, and though the offence he was charged with was prior to his entering into Bothwell's service, still it clearly told strongly against him in the public mind. For we presently find him asking to be allowed a small boat, that he may row along the coast to Copenhagen. The reason he gives for this request is that he suffers much from seasickness on the open sea, though to hear the Lord High Admiral of Scotland confessing such a weakness is as startling as the ignorance of geography which his request betrays. The permission he asked was refused, and at last, after having been a month in Bergen, he left it in the custody of Aalborg on the last day of September for Copenhagen. When he reached that city, he was confined in the castle until the pleasure of the King, who was in Jutland, should be known about "the Scottish King," as they called him. Here he remained three months, and during that time his enemies, who had now the upper hand in Scotland, wrote to Frederick, demanding that he should be given up to them to receive the due reward of his many crimes, or that he should be beheaded in Denmark, and his head sent over to be exhibited where those crimes had been committed. At the same time Bothwell wrote to the King, explaining the circumstances which had led to his arrival in Denmark, declaring himself the real Regent of Scotland, denouncing his opponents, the lords, as rebels, and asking Frederick's help to put them down. Frederick complied with neither petition; he kept Bothwell as a State prisoner, and in January of the following year, 1568, he was sent across the Sound to Malmo Castle in Scania. Here he was still allowed some measure of liberty; he received visitors, and had silk and velvet clothes given him by the King, so that he might make an appearance suited to his rank. But in June 1573 he was suddenly taken from Malmo to the more solitary and out-of-the-way fortress of Dragsholm, in Zealand, where he was kept in close and rigorous confinement till his death, which took place in April 1578. No satisfactory reason has yet been produced to account for this sudden change in the treatment of the captive Earl. Reports of his death were spread from time to time. It was also commonly believed that he went mad some time before he died, but of this there is no conclusive evidence. He had been dead to the outside world since the day when the gates of Dragsholm shut upon him, and when his life actually ended no one heard of it outside the walls. He was buried in the lonely churchyard of the nearest village.

As for the so-called "Testament" of Bothwell, in which he is said to have made a death-bed confession exonerating Mary from any share in his crimes or complicity in his plots, Professor Schiern considers it to have been a forgery got up by the Queen's party as a counterpoise for the famous "Casket Letters." He draws attention to the fact that, as the Earl lived five years after he left Malmo, this confession, which purports to have been made there, was certainly not a deathbed confession, for two of the witnesses, whose names were appended to it, had died in the early years of Bothwell's sojourn in Denmark; also that no original of the document has ever been produced. Copies of an abstract of its contents were handed about among those most interested in the transactions it referred to. One of these

abstracts formed the first article in the accusation of Morton. There are also two MSS. of the same document in the University Library in Edinburgh, and one of them, now printed for the first time, is added by the translator in a note. As a still stronger argument against the genuine character of this "testament," Professor Schiern lays great stress on the fact that James VI., when he went to Denmark to bring home his bride, though he showed himself so eager for information upon every possible subject as to excite the surprise of the Danes, made not the slightest effort to clear up the doubts which existed about this "testament." Now, as the sons of the very men who were supposed to have witnessed it were much with him in Denmark, and returned with him to Scotland, he had every opportunity for establishing its authenticity. And as he was naturally anxious to clear his mother's memory, and could not have forgotten the impression which the document made upon himself when he first heard it read, there is no reason to doubt that he would have done so if he could.

With the account of the chivalrous expedition of James to Denmark Professor Schiern brings his book to a close. The translator deserves the thanks of all those who are interested in the history of the period of which Professor Schiern treats for having placed his work within reach of English readers. Danish is so little known among us that the very existence of this Life of Bothwell has been hitherto unknown save to a few students of history. The difficult work of translation has been exceptionally well done. While the style is clear and easy it yet retains the vigour of the original, and here and there the translator has added notes for the further elucidation of the text.

CHINESE STORIES.*

THE Chinese have had to pay one penalty at least for their early knowledge of printing and their universal system of education. The wandering storyteller who delights the idlers in the bazaars of Cairo or Damascus, or who stirs up the passions of his Bedouin hearers amid the sands of the desert, or who entrances swarthy audiences in the cool of the evening on the outskirts of an Indian village, is unknown in China. The ready eloquence, the impromptu jest, the varied tones of those professional worthies who find a ready welcome in every house or tent from Cairo to Calcutta, are exchanged in China for unyielding types on the printed page. But "what the eye hath not seen the heart doth not grieve after," and Chinamen who have known no other storytellers than their books have no desire to become acquainted with the fairies, gods, and demons of their lands through any other channel than these. We have no present intention of tracing the gradual development of Chinese mythology from the original conception of the male and female principles of nature to the universal belief in the gods and goddesses, fairies and sprites, which personify the lights of heaven and the wonders of the earth, and which haunt every nook and corner of the land, from the loftiest mountain down to the smallest stream. That "millions of spiritual beings walk the earth" is a belief endorsed by Confucius, and let the superstitious rites which have been observed by myriads of his followers testify to their full concurrence in his views. Chinamen are still in the full enjoyment of the simple privileges pertaining to that pre-scientific stage of thought when every unusual phenomenon is attributed to the direct agency of some supernatural being. If the floods descend, it is that the dragon is spouting out water over the land; if a pestilence breaks out, it is that the local deities are offended; if sudden death overtakes any one, it is that some demon has sucked his life-breath from his nostrils. And so we find that in every unlooked-for event in the life of the nation or of the individual the sprites bear their part. They attend at the birth of the infant, and they follow the corpse to the tomb, and so interweave the threads of their being with the web of human existence that they form part and parcel of the every-day life of the people.

Thus there are ample materials ready to hand for the creation of every variety of fairy tale and ghost story. But though writers without number have sought to embalm the superstition and reflect the fancy of bygone ages, they have failed, as Chinese storytellers must always fail, to present them in such a shape as to make them generally attractive. They contain, without question, a vast amount of extremely interesting information on the habits of thought and life of the people; but the imagination of Chinamen is too untrained and disjointed to enable them to weave a consistent story. It calls up isolated pictures, but fails to connect them into a well-sustained narrative. It works without design, and runs riot as in a dream. Some of the earlier stories to be found in the works of the Han Dynasty, and borrowed from India, are as good as anything of the kind to be found in Europe; but of the later stories there is little more to be said than that they are curious.

Of all the collections of modern stories, however, the one from which Mr. Giles has chosen to make his selections is undoubtedly the best. The stories are above the average of similar compositions; and the literary style is of so exceptional a purity that it has won for the compilation a high place in the estimation of educated Chinamen. The entire work consists of three hundred and eighty-five stories, and of these Mr. Giles has translated one hundred and sixty-four in the volumes before us. The author,

who wrote towards the close of the seventeenth century, has been fortunate in his translator. Every advantage which an easy flowing style can give has been reaped by P'u Sungling in Mr. Giles's pages. His rendering also of the text is, as a rule, literally accurate. In a few instances, in the exercise of a wise discretion he has toned down certain passages to make them presentable to European readers, as, for example, the "love" scene in the story of "Baby" Ning, or, as Mr. Giles, leaving the first character untranslated, prefers to call her, Miss Ying-ring. In the original this passage is quite untranslatable, and we should have left unnoticed the fact of Mr. Giles's having paraphrased it—though he has allowed himself a wide license in doing so—were it not that he uses his very loose paraphrase to support a theory which the original contradicts. The story runs that one day a young gentleman named Wang was walking in the neighbourhood of the village in which he lived, when he met on the road a pretty girl who was picking plum-blossoms. Abashed by the fixed gaze with which Wang eyed her, the young lady dropped the flower she held in her hand and walked away. Wang picked up the discarded flower, and "stood there disconsolate as if he had lost his wits." He returned home, but could neither "talk nor eat," and before long took to his bed, where he lay ill and delirious. By a curious set of circumstances, such as are only to be found in a Chinese story, Wang finds himself a few weeks later a guest in the house of the young lady's adopted mother, who turns out to be his cousin. After a formal introduction to the young lady, he meets her in the garden of the house, where at his first interview with her occurs the scene which Mr. Giles considers "should for ever disabuse people of the notion that there is no such thing as 'making love' among the Chinese." Mr. Giles tells us in his preface that he began the translation of these stories in 1877, and it is possible, therefore, that he added a note to his paraphrase after the recollection of the original passage had faded from his mind. On meeting Baby Ning in the garden, Wang of course produces his cherished flower from his sleeve and tries to explain to her that it was out of affection to her that he had kept it. She replies, somewhat illogically since he had only just discovered his relationship to her, that it could have been merely out of regard for her as a cousin, and then, according to Mr. Giles, Wang says, "I wasn't talking about ordinary relations, but about husbands and wives." "What's the difference?" asked Ying Ning. "Why," replied Wang, "husband and wife are always together." "Just what I should not like," cried she, "to be always with anybody." And then follows the note which begins as above.

Now the fact is that, in the original, the language employed by Wang far more nearly resembles that used by the Elders to Susannah than that to be expected from a lover in an English sense. And this just marks the contrast between love among the Chinese and among Western nations. With Chinamen it is a delirium, a rapture, based on no regard for the moral qualities of the objects of their admiration, but purely and simply on a desire to possess them. They do not understand the idea of friendship in love, and the notion of an acquaintanceship ripening into affection is altogether foreign to them. If a young Chinaman falls in love, it must needs be after the manner of Wang, who is so enraptured with the beauty of a young lady he casually meets on the road that he goes home and takes to his bed, and is restored to health only by an introduction to the fair one, whom at his first interview he addresses in language which is quite untranslatable into English. Of course we do not mean to say that it never happens that young people in the poorer ranks of life (for it is only among such that pre-nuptial acquaintanceships are generally permitted) entertain a genuine affection for each other; but, speaking broadly, love among suitors is unknown in China, and the constitution of society makes it impossible that it should be otherwise.

The majority of the tales told by Mr. Giles are Fox stories such as are to be met with in the folk-lore of Japan and of other countries. In most cases the foxes take the form of young ladies, who are sometimes evilly disposed and sometimes mischievous, but always beautiful, and who occasionally are represented as fulfilling the duties of wives and mothers without in any way betraying their uncanny nature, until, at the end of the story, they disappear, or are transformed into some monstrous shape. Another common fancy is that the ghosts of deceased men re-enter their former bodies and resume their worldly occupations in distant parts of the Empire. In the story of "The Faithless Widow" there is an instance of this. A man named Niu dies leaving a wife and family. Being in straitened circumstances the widow marries again, and hands over her children to the care of an aunt. Years afterwards one of the sons recognizes his father Niu in the person of a pawnbroker with whom he has taken service. The pawnbroker acknowledges the relationship and introduces his son to a stepmother. Being made desirous of visiting his old home by this revival of former associations, Niu starts on his journey thither, when suddenly he reappears leading by the ear his first wife whom, after roundly abusing for deserting his children, he bites across the neck. The son rushes to the rescue of his mother, when lo! she disappears, and Niu vanishes away in a black vapour. On returning to his native place the son finds that his mother died on the very day and hour when he had witnessed her disappearance. There is a want of point in this and a great many of the stories; but there is much that is amusing in them, and the constant references they contain to the manners and customs of the people give them more than a passing interest.

* *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio.* Translated and Annotated by Herbert A. Giles. 2 vols. London: De La Rue & Co. 1880.

Some of Mr. Giles's notes help to elucidate, while others tend rather to confuse the reader. In his note on the Dragon boat festival, he seems to be in strange perplexity as to the name of the well-known statesman in whose honour it is annually held. The story runs that during the reign of Prince Hwai (B.C. 344), a certain "Chancellor of the three Royal clans" (*San liu tai fu*), named K'u Yuan, having been unjustly denounced by a jealous rival and dismissed by his sovereign, gave vent to his despair in a poem entitled "Li sao"; or, the Dissipation of Grief," and then drowned himself. In honour of his memory a festival is held in the South of China on each anniversary of his death, at which Dragon-shaped boats are rowed up and down the rivers to commemorate the efforts made to recover his body. This story is told in the history of the period (*Shi ki*), in the biographical dictionaries, and in the introductions to certainly most of the editions of K'u Yuan's poem, the "Li sao"; yet Mr. Giles appears to be in doubt on the subject. In the note referred to he is perplexed whether to follow Mr. Wells Williams, who in his *Middle Kingdom* speaks of the statesman as Wu Yun, or Mr. Mayer, who gives the name correctly. But still another difficulty overtakes him. In the Chinese author's preface K'u Yuan is spoken of as *San liu she*, or Chancellor of the three Royal clans. Mr. Giles mistakes this description of his office for his name, and adds in a footnote in this place that San Liu was the hero of the Dragon festival. Thus a third doubt arises in his mind, and K'u Yuan becomes, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once." But, after all, neither the identity of a statesman nor Mr. Giles's heretical views on Chinese love-making and other social subjects are likely to affect the ready reception his present work is sure to meet with. These are subjects entirely apart from P'u Sung-ling's stories, and there are many people to whom an introduction to Chinese folklore through the medium of Mr. Giles's facile translation will be a source of pleasurable interest and amusement.

OUR BURMESE WARS.*

THIS book reminds us of *Nicholas Nickleby* and of Mr. Witittery's opinion of his wife. "She forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects. If some people in public life were acquainted with Mrs. Witittery's real opinion of them they would not hold their heads, perhaps, quite as high as they do." Though Colonel Laurie does not make a profession of omniscience, he manages to cover a large extent of ground and to quote from "an immense variety" of authors. His readings, like those proposed by Dr. Pangloss for his pupil Dick Dowlas, seem to have been "various." Indeed, there is no end to the authors whose sayings he brings in. He has that peculiar sort of memory which, when a subject has been disposed of, is always suggesting to him some further illustration or some remote analogy. His pages teem with notes, a few of which are apposite, others are not wanted at all, and others again might with advantage have been incorporated into the text. Quotations master the narrative, but unluckily the references are not always given. In one place "a highly intelligent officer" writes about the vast importance to us of Upper Burma. In another, "one of our best public writers" holds some mysterious doctrine about the "lucubrations" of the *Golos*. Another "authority" sees a full payment of all expenses in the teak forests, the fertile soil, and the noble rivers of Pegu. There are constant appeals to the author's own works and to previous writers on Burma, and it is not always easy to follow this sort of literary Proteus. While extracts abound, illustrations and comparisons and suggestions are still more abundant and bewildering. The author of *Peter Simple* served in the first Burmese war, and it is suggested that the sight of one of the few war steamers then in existence doubtless drew forth many a witty remark from the "Sea Fielding." Marryat's *forte*, we may observe, was humour, and not wit. When Scindia, in 1827, lent half a million to the Government of Lord Amherst, he must, we are reminded, have been influenced by an aphorism of Bacon's about lending money "far off, or putting them into unknown hands." Archdeacon Paley is quoted for the justification of particular wars. A stockade is set on fire, and immediately the "quiet landscape is disturbed with the fierce and raging element." The sun does not rise in Pegu or Burma, but, in its place, we behold "Surya ascending in full splendour, as if seeking a vantage-point to view the coming fray." After this it is to be expected that H.M.'s brig *The Serpent* becomes the "wily one," and impresses you with the belief that she is brooding over mischief. A schedule of ordnance captured from the Burmese at Rangoon in April, 1852, carries this discursive writer off to Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, who invented carronades and named them from a place called Carron. The sight of the P. and O. steamer *Oriental* reminds Colonel Laurie that this vessel had once the honour of carrying the author of *The Crescent and the Cross*, and that Wilkie, who is "the Scottish Teniers," died on board the same vessel. Ophelia is mysteriously associated with the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvan or final absorption into the Deity. We might get rid of war altogether, it is suggested, not by the wordy speeches of Peace Societies, but if our life would only cease to be what Byron termed it, "a false nature."

* Our Burmese Wars and Relations with Burma; being an Abstract of Military and Political Operations 1824-6-1852-3, with various Statistical Information. By Colonel W. F. B. Laurie, Author of "Rangoon" and "Pegu," Narratives of the Second Burmese War. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

If Pondicherry is the "Niobe of the French possessions" in India, we wonder what classical figures ought to be applied to Chandernagore, Karikal, and Mahé. Are they her children? for, if so, to make the comparison apposite, they should have been blotted out of the map, or annexed to Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. But there is really no limit to Colonel Laurie's excursions into poetry and prose. Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher; Machiavelli; Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and Sir A. Campbell, who dictated the Treaty of Yandaboo; Benjamin Franklin, with his views on nursing, whistles, and the use of sunshine instead of candles; Southeys *Curse of Kehama*; Macduff weeping over his children; Hamlet's banter with Ophelia; speculation as to Buddha's identity; Spenser and "Jolly June"—these and a quantity of other authors and illustrations are successively pressed into service, even though, like Mrs. Malaprop's epithets, they might be thought to be a mile off. It is curious that with all this miscellaneous information Colonel Laurie omits to tell us that Admiral Austen, who died of cholera near Prome, in the second Burmese war, was a brother of Jane Austen, and that the French adventurer who, having been half over the world, ended by taking service with the Ruler of Ava, in reality bore the name of Rigodon, which he changed into D'Orgoni, as being more euphonious and aristocratic. We may add that *muzaffar* is not the same as *musafir*, "a traveller," but means "victorious."

As far as we can make out, one main purpose of the author is to prove that, as there have been two Burmese wars already, there ought necessarily to be a third; and that as we have annexed Arracan and Tenasserim in one campaign and Pegu in another, we might wind up affairs conclusively in that quarter by occupying the whole of Upper Burma. In support of this conclusion we have the usual speculations as to the intrinsic value and inexhaustible resources of this favoured tract. There are rubies and gold, to say nothing of baser metals, and the mines, if properly worked, would pay off half the national debt of India before the present century expires. Drugs and spices, gums and gamboge, redwood and sandal wood, are found in forests and by streams. Then we have the usual stock arguments about trade with Western China and the rich provinces of Yunan and Szechuen. In short, Upper Burma is not the "worthless rind" which it was rashly said to be by Lord Dalhousie, but a valuable increment which is substantially a part of Lower Burma and Pegu, and almost as good as "annexed" already.

The contrast between the first and second Burmese wars, though to be gathered from these pages, is nowhere drawn with a very clear and definite outline. At both periods the Burmese displayed their usual arrogance and absurdity, and there were the same characteristics of stockades, thick jungles, heat, damp, and liability to epidemics. But between the years 1824 and 1852 the Anglo-Indian Government had made marked advances in all that relates to the transport, commissariat, and comfortable housing of troops; and there was all the difference in the world between the two statesmen who, at each epoch, respectively presided over the Indian administration. The first Burmese war began with an unprovoked attack on the part of Burmese soldiers on our own possessions in an island to the south of Chittagong. We had to fit out an expedition to Rangoon, capture the place, sail up the Irrawaddy, and not halt until our troops were within forty-five miles of Ava. These operations lasted two years, and cost us more than ten millions of money. Meanwhile a large force remained stationary at Rangoon, and, like our army at Walcheren, suffered from dysentery and scurvy owing to unwholesome food and defective arrangements. On the frontiers of Bengal we entered Assam, drove out the Burmese, and retained that country. The results, at the chief seat of operations, were the annexation of Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces, which left untouched the intervening kingdom of Pegu. Rather more than a quarter of a century afterwards, the Government of India, which had narrowly escaped a war with Burma at the time of our Afghan disaster of 1841, had again to demand reparation for a series of injuries inflicted on our merchants by the local authorities at Rangoon, countenanced and supported by the King. It was remarked at the time that the best person to negotiate a difficult question with an arrogant Asiatic Court would have been an able and experienced Commissioner versed in the Burmese language, and not a gallant Admiral, about as fit for diplomacy as Hatchway or Commodore Trunnon. But, whatever doubts there may have been as to the origin of the war, there could be none as to the vigour and capacity with which it was brought to an issue. Lord Dalhousie at once hastened down to Calcutta, organized an expedition of military and naval forces, acted as his own War Minister, and finished the campaign in eight months at a cost of one million and a half. He then completed our seaboard by the annexation of Pegu and Lower Burma; and, while he commanded the whole waterway between the native capital and the sea, he also effectively disposed of any settlement by either the French or the Americans in the gap which had been left open in the earlier campaign.

Colonel Laurie's pages may serve to remind politicians of all shades who have been dragged into the whirlpool of Anglo-Indian discussion about treaties, frontiers, fringes of independent States, and possible occupations of military posts, that to this hour we hold Lower Burma and Pegu by the simple fact of our being there. The Secret Committee of the Court of Directors in 1852, acting under the injunctions of the President of the Board of Control, wished for a Treaty of Cession. Lord Dalhousie, with marvellous clearness of vision, insight into native character, and force of language, combated this view and held that a treaty

was a thing to be avoided. It would give us, he argued, no greater hold on the country than what we had obtained by taking Prome, Bassein, and such frontier stations as Thyetmyo and Toungoo. A treaty with such a ruler and nation only serves to multiply causes of scandal and offence; "points of contact, and consequently points of conflict." The British would be held down to observe every clause in the very strictest interpretation of both letter and spirit. The Burmese would quibble about the first and laugh at the second. So the country remains ours by simple right of annexation, and Colonel Laurie with both point and propriety, singles out for his title-page the Governor-General's prompt and celebrated reply to the Burmese Envoy who came to ask for the restitution of these possessions, that "the British flag should wave over them as long as the sun shone in the Heavens." These words delivered in the great Hall at Government House, Calcutta, were criticized at the time as somewhat theatrical. They were, in reality, admirably suited to the race for whose warning they were uttered. No serious retaliation has since ever been contemplated by the Burmese. During the Mutiny Burma was almost denuded of English troops. Even late revolutions, attended by all sorts of atrocities, have been confined to the Palace; and at any time the Chief Commissioner, on word from the Viceroy, can stop the importation into the upper regions of the Irrawaddy of a detestable compound called *ngape*, as essential to the Burmese as beer to the Englishman, made up of fish only preserved from utter putrefaction by the admixture of sea salt. We do not think that Colonel Laurie's pages contain any reference to this condiment. In justice to the author we must allow that a good deal of second-hand information is to be gleaned from his pages; and that his narrative of the events of 1852, in which he took an active part, is spirited and correct. There was no very great or decisive action against foes protected by stockades, from which, when shelled out, they could find safety in the jungles. There was nothing to recall to us the capture of the Sikh batteries at Sobraon, or the complete route of the Khalsa at Goojerat. Towns and fortified places were taken one after another by the combined action of English and native troops on land, and by the *Fox* frigate and gun-boats and the war steamers of the now defunct Indian navy. There was also a lengthy episode of the pursuit of a celebrated leader named Myat-htoo, in which success was gained by Sir John Cheape against an enemy protected by dense forest, of intimate knowledge of the country, and faithlessness on the part of our own native guides. Almost the only mishap of the campaign was the investment of Pegu by the enemy, when, after its capture, we had garrisoned it with too small a force. But this temporary check never caused anything like the anxiety called forth by the recent retirement into the Shirpur cantonments. The second Burmese war is a notable instance of a territory acquired in as short a space and at as small an expenditure as possible, and followed by complete pacification and an increase to the revenue surpassing Lord Dalhousie's anticipations. But then the country is fertile, the population easy to manage, and the climate equable though moist and hot. Moreover, Buddhists have nothing of the intolerance and fanaticism which characterizes Mohammedans in their rocky defiles. There is now a railway connecting Rangoon and Prome, a distance of 163 miles; but we are unable to comprehend how this line, which was only opened in May 1877, has already caused "an appreciable increase of population in the tracts through which it runs." What is meant, doubtless, is that stations on the railway have attracted the existing population, and have become centres or points of social and commercial activity. Rangoon itself is a city well laid out, on a noble river, within easy reach of the sea, possessing docks which are in course of improvement. The population of the town has rapidly increased, and the only drawback to a residence in Burma is that nearly all houses are built of wood, and that it has but a faint imitation of that charming division of the year known as the Indian cold weather. The province has been very fortunate in the officers who have filled the important post of Chief Commissioner. All have been men of good capacity, and some are men of real note. Sir A. Phayre, who was the first selection for the conquered province, has since been Governor of the Mauritius. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal acted for some months as Chief Commissioner; and the administration is now in the hands of a clear-sighted and hard-headed Scotchman, who is thoroughly versed in the best traditions of the Calcutta Foreign Office. We trust that the great want of the whole province, population, may be slowly supplied, and that the abilities of which Colonel Laurie has certainly given proof may be devoted to writing about some other event than the one on which he seems resolutely determined—a third Burmese war, which is to end in the flight or dethronement of the reigning King of Ava, and our attainment of a frontier almost conterminous with China.

MARTHA AND MARY.*

M*ARTHA and Mary* is in many respects an odd book. It begins with an account of a rich and very old woman, who lies in a meat-screen before a large fire in a tumbledown house, and who is no sooner introduced to the reader than she dies, so that the reader may possibly think the meat-screen and various other unpleasant details might as well have been left out. All that is

necessary is that the old woman should die, leaving her possessions, which are considerable, to a nephew, whose whereabouts is unknown. Then follows a minute description, with all kinds of valueless details, of life in a Nonconformist minister's family. All the family are introduced carefully by name, although only two of the children have anything to do with the story. Then follows a marriage, the circumstances of which we may describe presently; then some space is taken up in describing how the heroine took to writing novels which were not particularly successful. Her plots, she says, were good, because she got them out of the newspapers; but her characters were lifeless. Then comes another marriage, after a ludicrously spun out and improbable misunderstanding; and then the book becomes at once commonplace and wildly extravagant. The commonplaceness is due to the employment of a very well-worn *ficelle* to bring about a catastrophe; the extravagance to the author's unhappy attempt at giving it an air of freshness. The volumes are called *Martha and Mary* because they are all about Martha.

Martha is the daughter of Mr. Pattison, a Baptist minister, and, as we have said, the beginning of the book is filled with all sorts of details concerning the public and private life of Baptists. There is an account of a "baptizing," and we are even treated at full length to an extempore prayer. We are told how one of Martha's sisters fell ill and got well again, and how one of her brothers shook the missionary-box and spent a threepenny-piece which tumbled out on a banquet of goodies. Then a chapter is devoted to the history of the death of two children who have absolutely nothing to do with the story. After this begins what the writer is pleased to call "Book II." of the novel, and this opens with yet another description of a Baptist congregation, which we may as well quote as a specimen of the author's style:—

The congregation was just about the same, two or three missing perhaps. Papa gave a look round, mentally noting who was not there, with, no doubt, a private resolution to call upon them and know the reason why. I think the female church members' bonnets were perhaps a trifle more painful than ever. For downright, unblushing finery give me a little chapel where each tries to dress each other down, and for hard, square, bad taste it must be Baptist. Papa gave out the hymn two lines at a time and then prayed. We all stood up and turned round facing the other way, and in the middle of the long prayer all about things in general, to my unbounded astonishment, who should come into chapel but a young man! If an elephant had walked up the aisle I should have been much less surprised.

As the heroine was now about nineteen, it was of course high time for a young man to appear. This young man introduces himself as Mr. Alfred Burnaby, the heir of the old woman who died in the meat-screen, and from the following elegant reflections of the heroine it might be thought that his arrival was peculiarly opportune. "I think," she says to herself, while waiting for tea, "I will be married after all" (nobody has yet asked her), "if I could only pick up a sailor who would never be at home; it would be so jolly to have a house of one's own. Men must be awfully silly to marry, if they *only* knew what we have them for." Mr. Alfred Burnaby is not a sailor, and the heroine rather dislikes him than not; but she marries him, as heroines have a way of marrying disagreeable persons, because her father is in debt. It may be noted as one of the numberless details which have nothing whatever to do with the action of the story, that the heroine's sister, Martha, is in love with Alfred Burnaby. After this we have yet another description of the Baptist chapel, and then we find Mr. Burnaby ill treating his wife. Then Martha's father dies, which takes her away from Burnside, the family estate of the Burnabys; and while she is away, a mysterious friend of her husband's, who has been paying a long visit at Burnside, writes to tell her that Alfred is laid up with scarlet-fever, and she had better not come back. The intelligence has an effect opposite to that intended, as Martha starts off at once to look after him. When she got there, however, the cupboard was bare. Both Mr. Burnaby and his mysterious friend have left the house. The reader who has got thus far with this curious composition will already have suspected that Mr. Alfred Burnaby is an impostor. This is, in fact, the case, and the real heir to the property arrives at Burnside soon after Martha, whom he takes, without adequate reason, for a servant. Meanwhile the false Alfred Burnaby is considerate enough to be killed in a railway accident; or rather to seem to be killed; and the real heir, who is an elderly gentleman, is kind enough, with singular suddenness, to adopt the nameless widow (the impostor's true name is never discovered) as his daughter.

It was now that Martha took to writing the novels with the good plots (taken from the newspapers) and the dummy heroes; and while she was longing to meet a man who would give her a real notion of a hero, she went to pay a visit to her mother, who had inherited a little money and was living in London. It is needless to say that the hero turned up with commendable promptitude; but we cannot help adding that he does not strike us as being very much more lifelike than the "dummies" in her former works of whom Martha speaks with contempt. He is a tall man, pale, with smooth dark hair, and dark brown eyes. He has an earnest, affectionate, almost caressing manner. His eyes look unutterable things, and his first appearance produces in Martha "a sudden purely disinterested, almost mesmeric thrill." He "bends over a pretty girl and looks his deceivingest" (*sic*). He fills Martha with such awe that on her first introduction to him she cannot bear to hear him call her Mrs. Burnaby, since it is not really her name; and "at the risk of being thought sentimental" she asks him to call her Mrs. Martha. He soon begins to address her as "my friend," or as "my little friend," or as

* *Martha and Mary*. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

"Patty." There is more about Baptist chapels, to one of which this hero, by name Dr. Charteris, goes in order to meet Martha. Mrs. Charteris, his mother, takes an early opportunity of telling Martha that he is engaged to somebody else; and, in spite of every kind of hint to the contrary, Martha believes this false statement to be true. This gives an opportunity for filling out several chapters, a process which is helped by Dr. Charteris being unable to make up his mind whether he owes most to his mother or to the woman whom he wishes to marry. Finally affairs are brought to a crisis by Dr. Charteris being knocked down as the result of a rash interference in a street quarrel between a man and his wife, and by Martha's arriving just in time to pick him up. They are married, in a somewhat remarkable fashion, at St. George's. There is a good deal about Martha's sentiments before and after the birth of her son, and about a page concerning the event itself. Shortly after this has taken place Martha's first husband turns up again. She then takes the remarkable step of hiding in a low slum, the existence of which she has discovered in the course of district-visiting. Then she has a long illness, and meanwhile the first husband spreads slanderous reports concerning her. She becomes a nurse at a hospital, where of course Dr. Charteris is one of the physicians. Fate, it must be admitted, is not alone responsible for this, since this is what Martha writes about it in the record of her curious life:—

I was not weakly going to give way to self-indulgence or even self-opinions, which generally mean what one likes; but when one cannot sleep, it is a bad look-out, and beyond mere self-control.

And besides, that is all very fine, but I would not allow myself to consider that if I got into a certain hospital, I should hear of Charlie, sometimes even see him though it should be far off, and I could conscientiously avoid him, but he would be there sometimes, under the same roof. Any hospital would do, and it was for no private reason, of course, but—but—I would move heaven and earth to get into that special one, and I did.

I liked it very well, very much even; the quiet was heavenly; one could breathe in the great corridors; pleasant society was always to be had; "good" to be done was always at hand; one did not have to exhaust one's good impulses in a five-mile walk to and from the "objects."

The sediment of pain was only stirred up now and then. On the surface there were bright-coloured quilts, cheerful fires, toys, flowers, and for the most part rosy, healthy-looking, smiling faces.

That is the most astonishing thing of all. I cannot account for it unless mental worry is more distressing than physical pain; but any two or three hundred workwomen, clerks, and business-men look far more pale and haggard than the same average of hospital patients—of course there are exceptions. Above all—life had an interest.

The first definite news she gets of Dr. Charteris is that he has offered himself as a subject for the experiment of transfusion, the person to be benefited by it being the so-called Alfred Burnaby. Charteris expects to die, but in fact Burnaby dies, and the doctor, at the point of death, recovers on hearing this. "All England," says the writer, "looked for the result, and called the experiment a failure, but only two or three ever knew that what appeared a misfortune was really a great mercy." Charteris and Martha go through the marriage service for the second time, and the last chapter of this odd farrago is headed "The Pacific Ocean," the writer thereby meaning, it may be supposed, that all ends happily. How the boy got over the difficulty of his illegitimate birth we are not told. It is clear that this plot at least was not taken from the newspapers, or, if it was, they must have been an odd collection. Whether some of the characters are lifelike, people more experienced in the ways of Baptists than we are must decide.

HENRY OF HUNTINGDON.*

IT seems surprising that a chronicler whose name is so well known to students of English history as Henry of Huntingdon should never have been put forth in England since the time of Queen Elizabeth. That work of Sir Henry Savile, it is true, was nearly superseded by an edition of Mr. Petrie's thirty years ago; but the editor's death prevented his book from becoming complete. Mr. Thomas Arnold, the editor of the *Select Works of John Wyclif*, has in the scholarly volume before us repaired the omission. His critical apparatus leaves little or nothing to be wished for; and he has supplemented our knowledge of what he calls "the filiation of chronicles," one of the nicest points in literary criticism, by a new and acute study of the manuscripts of his author.

Dr. Stubbs, in his preface to *Hoveden*, was the first to point out that an obscure Durham compilation, the *Historia post Baedam*, was worked up entire into the texture of *Hoveden's* first part. Mr. Arnold has now shown that it also entered largely into the composition of another work, which he has for the first time brought to light. This is a history claiming the name of Marianus, which exists in four copies, hitherto believed to be manuscripts of Henry of Huntingdon. We have now the pedigree of these chronicles complete from the time of Bede. His *Church History*, ending in 731, is followed by the *Gesta veterum Northumbriorum*, which break off in 803. These bear a distinct Northern colour, and were probably compiled by a Northumbrian monk early in the ninth century. Next come the *Winchester Chronicle*, *Asser's Life of Alfred*, and the continuation of the *Northumbrian Annals* by a monk of Chester-le-Street; which to a great extent

overlap one another in time, and are mutually dependent. Florence of Worcester carries the history on to 1117, the year before his death; and an edition of the *Northumbrian Annals*, much interpolated, by a canon of Hexham about 1120, completes the earlier series.

The next cycle involves greater difficulty. The histories of Simeon of Durham (to 1129) and Henry of Huntingdon (ultimately to 1154) have long been known and read. But their relation to previous chronicles is still partly uncertain. Mr. Arnold is inclined to see the foundation of the former in the *Northumbrian Annals* with the *Chester continuation*, the rest being built up out of Florence of Worcester. The sources of Henry of Huntingdon are different and wider. *Eutropius* and *Aurelius Victor*, *Bede*, and the first two books of *Nennius* furnish him with almost all of his earlier facts; we shall see, however, afterwards that he was not content with mere facts. Since *Bede*, he relies on "such things as we have been able to find in the stores amassed by the careful industry of elder writers" (p. 117.) That is to say, he used the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; and, as Dr. Liebermann has apparently proved in the *Forschungen zur deutschen Geschichte* for 1878, he used it in the two recensions which we know from the *Peterborough* (E.) and *Abingdon* (C.) codices. It was from the latter, of which he availed himself only occasionally, that he got such materials as the genealogies of kings, the song of *Brunanhurh*, and the notices of the years 891, 894 to 920, and 944. Unlike Simeon of Durham, he seems not to have made use of Florence of Worcester. Dr. Liebermann quotes a number of common mistakes—e.g. of translation from Old-English, with which he was imperfectly acquainted, where Florence might have kept him right. Thus he makes *Æthelflæd*'s daughter instead of wife to *Æthelred*, the ealdorman of Mercia, and consequently her daughter *Ælfwynne* becomes her sister (pp. 157, 158). *Myranheafd* he translates absurdly "caput formicæ," where Florence has "caput equæ" (p. 178; see the *Forschungen*, vol. xviii. p. 283). Mr. Arnold, it must be mentioned, does not consider the absolute independence of Archdeacon Henry to be certainly established (pref., p. lviii.) He adds to his authorities, besides the abridgment of *Tudebodus* for the first Crusade, some Franco-Norman annals now lost, and the works of *Dudo of St. Quentin* and *William of Jumièges*.

After Simeon and Henry there comes the *Historia post Baedam*, a compilation of a very composite character, much of it being taken directly from Henry of Huntingdon. It is, as has been said, practically represented by the first part of *Hoveden* (see Dr. Stubbs's pref., vol. i., pp. xxvi. to xxxii.) What Mr. Arnold has brought out is the fact that it suffered a further redaction and a new infusion from Henry of Huntingdon, and that this last composition, bearing the name of Marianus, has until now lain concealed under the supposed guise of Huntingdon manuscripts. Marianus had made a "Universal Chronicle," reaching from the beginning of the world to his own day—the time of William the Conqueror. Florence of Worcester is for the most part an enlarged edition and a continuation of this book. The connexion between Florence and the *Historia post Baedam*, and the incorporation of much of the latter in the pseudo-Huntingdon manuscripts, gave rise to a promiscuous use of Marianus's name; although in this repeated filtration an indefinitely small part of his work survived. Finally, the editor began and ended his composition with a fairly accurate transcript of Henry of Huntingdon; and thus the last strain was added to the web of critical perplexity, and the "Marianist" book became confounded with the history of our Archdeacon. This is the "filiation of chronicles" which Mr. Arnold has completed. We have traced it at length, because, though the series has been fully described by its unravellers, Mr. Arnold's arrangement of his facts is not so lucid as we could have desired. We pass from the criticism to the book itself and its author.

Biographies of Henry of Huntingdon, from Capgrave's in the first part of the fifteenth century onwards, have not been wanting. But they give us little real knowledge of the gay and heedless life of the young scholar, as he passed from his home in the fens, while William II. was still reigning, to the brilliant court of the Bishop of Lincoln. For Robert Bloet had little of the spiritual churchman in him; and he lived the princely feudatory that his noble revenue allowed him to be. At Lincoln Henry learned the breeding of the courtier rather than that of the clerk. He wrote epigrams and poems, two long ones "of Love" and "of Herbs," others of "Spices" and "Gems." Years after, when writing to a friend "touching the Contempt of the World," he recalls with a lingering insistence, that looks half like regret, the glories of his boyish life (p. 299). His earnest renunciation of them only emphasizes the violence of the wrench which turned the courtier into the country clergyman. But Lincoln was not wholly given over to pleasure and state. There was yet a remnant, and the tradition was still strong, of that colony of zealous and learned clerics whom Remigius, the founder of the see, had chosen to be his first Chapter. Henry mentions with loving regard his "master," Albinus of Anjou (p. 301). And it is to this scholarly training that we must certainly attribute the idea and the performance of his historical work. The position of Archdeacon of Huntingdon, which he attained in 1110, or perhaps later, left him the calm and the leisure to carry it into execution. The book was done in 1130; it was continued and reissued in 1135, 1139, and 1145; a final revision brought it down to 1154. The original seven books grew into ten, as one was divided, and two were intercalated before the concluding book. These last are

* *Henrici archidiaconi Huntundensis Historia Anglorum: the History of the English by Henry, Archdeacon of Huntingdon.* Edited by Thomas Arnold, M.A. (Rolls' Series; 74th Issue.)

of a miscellaneous, rather than purely historical, character; and Mr. Arnold has judiciously followed the example of his predecessors in omitting them, with the exception of one epistle, which he prints in an appendix. Of the rest he has given extracts sufficient to let us see precisely what value or interest they represent (pref. pp. xvi. to xxx.), and most readers will agree with him that it is not much.

The symmetry of the history gains by the absence of these heterogeneous insertions. How they ever came to be in it is a wonder. For Henry set out with a very just and modern conception of his scope. "History," he says in the prologue, "mirrors to us the past as though it were present; it gathers from things past the image of things to come." And he spared no pains to make the work answer his idea. Ornamented, in the manner of the age and with more than its usual learning, with a store of classical scraps, and with excellent speeches ready made on all occasions, it describes the British islands and their people, and tells their story from the coming of Julius Caesar to the death of King Stephen. Henry opens, as he promised, in a lively and picturesque way. But he soon falls into the mannerism of the chronicler, and a chronicle, as Ralph de Diceto said, is but "the shadow of a history" (Stubbs, preface to *Benedictus Abbas*, vol. i. p. xi.) Its arrangement has no other basis than that of time. It only touches occasionally, and as by accident, the deeper relations of cause and effect, the political and social bearing of events. Yet, without attaining this, Henry of Huntingdon has not seldom reached what is commonly viewed as the climax of historic art, the presentation of action in a dramatic form. And this he owed, not to any theory of composition, but to the abundance that lay before him of folksongs and sayings. Our quarrel with him is that he used them so sparingly. Few will refuse to acknowledge with Mr. Freeman that we have one instance of such use in the account of Stamfordbridge, where, "as soon as he reaches the actual fight, his narrative, hitherto meagre and inaccurate, suddenly lights up and becomes minute, poetical, and evidently founded on an accurate knowledge of the spot" (*Norman Conquest*, vol. iii. p. 721).

Pugna igitur incepta est, qua gravior non fuerat. Coeuntes namque a summo mane usque ad meridiem, cum horribiliter ruentes utrinque perseverant, maximus numerus Anglorum Norwagenses cedere sed non fugere compulit. Ultra dumen igitur repulsi, vivis supra mortuos transuentibus, magnanimitate restiterunt. Quidam vero Norwagensis, fama dignus aeterna, super pontem restitit, et plus quadraginta viri Anglorum securi caedens electa, usque ad horam diei nonum omnem exercitum Anglorum detinuit solus: usquequo quidam navim ingressus per foramina pontis in celandis eum percussi jaculo" (p. 200).

We cannot allow with Dr. Liebermann and Mr. Arnold that this is merely an example of the author's "embellishing turn" (pref. p. lix.), though Henry certainly displays it elsewhere. His use of oral information and unwritten tradition is also generally indistinct. He speaks of the massacre of St. Brice, 1002, "wherof we have in childhood heard certain very aged persons tell" (p. 174). But a story at such a distance of time can hardly have retained on either side much of its original elements. When he comes to his own day he is surprisingly barren of new data. Except a couple of anecdotes, he adds to the history of the Conqueror and William Rufus nothing but an account, personally interesting, of the removal of the bishopric of Dorchester to Lincoln, and a portrait of Remigius. For Henry I. and Stephen he is fuller, but hardly tells us anything we do not know from other sources.

The value of the history in its earlier part is, as Mr. Freeman has pointed out (vol. ii. p. 641), that it "always represents an independent tradition." His judgment of Ceolred of Mercia, "avite virtutis haeres" (p. 110), his version of the history of Eadric Streona (p. 176 and fol.), and of the death of Godwine (p. 194), may illustrate the fact. The student of Shakespeare will seize another instance, the original, through Holinshed, of the last scene in *Macbeth*, where Siward says "Gaudeo plane, non enim alio me vel filium meum digner funere" (p. 194). Henry's looseness, however, and want of precision make us wonder how his first editor, Sir Henry Savile, could speak of him in company with Hoveden, as "authores cum primis boni et diligentes, verisimiliter superiorum temporum indices"; still more how our most recent historian could distinguish him as "a brief but accurate annalist." Try as he will to hide his personality, he appears throughout the imaginative writer that his boyhood promised. His work is filled with fancied speeches, and pieces of his own verse are scattered through his pages, at first veiled under the oblique phrase "quidam scripta" (p. 11), but in the end emerging into the declared "sic diximus heroicae" (p. 291). Though hardly showing a political bias, except the national one which held the kingly line to have been unbroken by the Conquest, Henry was left, in the reaction from the feudal splendour of Bishop Bloet's surroundings, a strong partisan of the stricter school among the clergy. He wishes for an "increase of the episcopate," and an organized "church-work." Gloucester, Oxford, and Leicester should have their bishops (p. 111); the clergy should abandon the cares of the world (pp. 305 to 318). We have no means of knowing how far Henry's actual efforts in his archdeaconry agreed with his principles. In his book he remains a type of the scholarly and practical churchman, the creation of the Norman Conquest and of Lanfranc. At the same time he is no class-historian; and his interest is far more national than local.

A TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONNETS.*

IT seems very difficult for the purveyors of popular literature to understand that enough is as good as a feast, and indeed much better. Mr. Main has set down before us in this *Treasury of English Sonnets* a banquet of formidable proportions, and we confess that our appetite fails us in the presence of so great a quantity and of a quality so various. A good sonnet is a very pleasant and attractive thing; but in this volume we are offered nearly six hundred sonnets, by no means all good, or even tolerable; and the effect of reading these little pieces one after another soon becomes exceedingly tiresome and vapid. Mr. Main has taken so much pains, and has displayed such care and research in his notes, that it is really a misfortune that it is impossible to praise the result. Unluckily, in poetry, learning and industry are very poor substitutes for taste; and, had Mr. Main put aside three parts of his pedantry, and occupied himself a little more with the essential value of the sonnets, he might have produced a useful and attractive book. As it is, his volume is a mine in which lazier compilers will dig, and so very considerably lighten their labours; but it is hardly a book that any one will take up for the sheer pleasure of the poetry to be found in it.

The same error has been fallen into by those who have preceded Mr. Main in the compilation of English sonnets, and we might have hoped that the warning would have been taken in a more sensible spirit. In his *Specimens of English Sonnets*, in 1833, a work of very considerable scholarly value, the late Mr. Dyce was rather concerned with reviving the memories of forgotten poets than with confining himself rigidly to the very best productions in sonnet-form. Still more lax and effusive is Leigh Hunt's posthumous and unrevised *Book of the Sonnet*, into which the desire to attract the Transatlantic public introduced far too many American sonnets of a wholly ephemeral nature. Seeing that both these works have lost their value and have failed to gain a place in our living literature, it was to be supposed that Mr. Main would try to avoid their faults; but as a matter of fact he has erred more in the same direction than either Leigh Hunt or Dyce. By far the best selection with which we are acquainted is one made in France under the direction of M. Charles Asselineau, and published in 1875 under the title of *Le Livre des Sonnets*. This little book professes to contain "fourteen dizains" of selected sonnets, the best to be found in all French literature, and arranged in chronological order. Of course, the sonnet has never flourished in France with the same vigour and freshness which it has shown on this side of the Channel; and it must be confessed that, even in this small collection, there are not a few specimens of a conventional and unimportant cast. But the number of sonnets is so few, and the selection so careful, that the book gives the reader an agreeable and, if we may so say, a classical impression. This is precisely what is wanting in Mr. Main's ponderous collection, and we can only wish that some one would select one hundred and forty from among the best of these miscellaneous six hundred, and publish them in the neat and comfortable form adopted by the firm of M. Lemerre. We should then possess a little volume of rare beauty and excellence, and we conceive that no real lover of poetry would waste a regret upon the four hundred and sixty sonnets relegated to obscurity.

Abandoning, therefore, the hope of finding in Mr. Main's *Treasury* any aid to intellectual enjoyment, or indeed of regarding it as, in Charles Lamb's sense, a book at all, it is left to us to consider its pretensions as a storehouse of material, good, bad, and mediocre. A special feature, and one characteristic of our antiquarian age, is the prominent place given in it to the minor writers of the time of Elizabeth. In John Florio, the translator of Montaigne, Mr. Main is ambitious to present to us an unknown English poet; but we cannot say that the sonnet, "Concerning the Honour of Books," on which he builds this claim, seems to us to display any poetical gift beyond that so common in the age of Shakespeare, of clothing the commonplaces of human vanity in a dignified and pleasing robe of fluent verse. Barnabe Barnes, whose name will be still more unfamiliar to the ordinary student of poetry, has a much more valid claim to recognition. The following sonnet, taken from a very rare volume of 1595, *A Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets*, is certainly worthy of a place in that smaller selection which we hope to see, and gives us a favourable idea of the powers of Barnabe Barnes:—

Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest
Where Paradise may me relieve opprest;
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing
Thy praise my comfort, and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest,
Thy grace unto my wits; then shall the sting
Of righteousness that monster Satan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dared,
And like the Philistine stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soul for heaven prepared:
At length I like an angel shall appear,
In spotless white an angel's crown to wear.

The couplet at the end of this interesting poem reminds us of a fact which becomes unpleasantly emphasized when we read a great number of the so-called sonnets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—namely, that, in point of fact, these pretty quatrains

* *A Treasury of English Sonnets*. Edited from the Original Sources, with Notes and Illustrations, by David M. Main. Manchester: Ireland & Co.

are not sonnets at all. In the French collection we have just referred to, only one writer closes the sonnet with a couplet, and this is the poetess of Lyons, Louise Labé. But the license which in France was accidental became the rule in England, so that of one hundred and twenty sonnets which in Mr. Main's collection precede the first of Milton's, only two, one by Sidney and one by Constable, conform to this primal rule of the Petrarchan model. In fact, as we have lately pointed out, the "sugred quatorzains," of which Shakspeare's are the most familiar, have so very little in common with the pure sonnets of Wordsworth or of Petrarch, that some other term is needed to define them. It is probably the wide cultivation of an entirely dissolute form of the sonnet in England that has produced the general impression, even among instructed critics, that the exact rules of construction may in this case be always indefinitely laid aside. For instance, Mr. Spedding has actually held that "the necessity of forcing the thought into the frame has spoiled many good sonnets," and that the omission of certain lines would improve some examples of this form of verse. We are at one with Mr. Main when, commenting on this opinion, he remarks, "Before a sonnet can be 'spoiled,' it must be a sonnet; a sonnet has fourteen lines. Discard any one of the objectionable lines, and where is the sonnet?" The whole matter may probably be taken as a test of instinct for poetical form. Sydney Dobell, whose lack of style was so marked as to interfere with the lasting worth of the most interesting of his writings, was a still greater offender in this respect than the Elizabethans, for he thought it legitimate to compose sonnets in fifteen lines.

Mr. Main is so painstaking, and fishes with so fine a mesh, that it is not often that a good sonnet escapes his too capacious net; but in his selection from Dr. Donne we find reason to complain that he has given us what we do not want, and has withheld from us what we do want. About the famous "Death, be not proud, though some have called thee so," there can be no two opinions; but of Mr. Main's other specimen from Donne, "As due by many titles, we resign," not much more can be said than that it reflects the scholastic ingenuity which was the weak side of the poet, and not the lyrical passion which was his strong side. We much prefer the seventh of the series called "Holy Sonnets," the opening phrases of which were probably in the mind of Milton when he wrote his "At a Solemn Music":—

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinites
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go
All whom the Flood did, and Fire shall, o'erthrow ;
All whom death, war, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain ; and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe ;
But let them sleep, Lord, and we mourn a space,
For if above all those my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this lowly ground
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if Thoud'st seal'd my pardon with my blood.

Milton found no followers for a hundred years after his practice of the sonnet; but when, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, it once more came into fashion in England, his pure Petrarchan specimens were taken as their model by the sonneteers of the school of Gray and Warton. Several examples of this gentle rivulet of inspiration deserve to live, in spite of Wordsworth's condemnation of the best of them all, Gray's sonnet on the death of Mr. Richard West. But when Gray, Mason, and Warton had passed away, the sonnet fell into Della Cruscan hands, and especially into those of a few ladies more remarkable for sentiment and cultivation than for talent. In the practice of Miss Charlotte Smith and Miss Anne Seward the sonnet became as nerveless and as incorrect as in that of the laxest of the Elizabethans, and even Cowper's exquisite quatorzain to Mrs. Unwin, "Mary! I want a lyre with other strings," ends with the hated couplet. Bowles, about whose poetical genius Coleridge held so strange a heresy throughout his life, was not more skilful; and as a matter of fact the sonnet, in its noblest form, was handed by Milton down to Wordsworth without an intermediate station. Wordsworth has written more good sonnets, in point of number, than any other English poet; perhaps, considering the vigour and versatility of his genius, it might be said more than any other European poet; yet we confess that there are not a few of the sixty-one examples printed by Mr. Main which seem to us rather interesting from the intellectual than from the purely poetical side, so rarely does inspiration, even in the case of the greatest poets, produce an absolutely perfect sonnet. As we reach the confines of the present century the selection becomes wild and profuse to the last degree; the examples from Lord Thurloe and John Wilson, interesting to the present generation from their unfamiliarity, do not tend to induce us to reverse the decision that time has passed on the claim of these writers to be considered poets. Sir Aubrey de Vere, on the other hand, a poet whose dignified and recluse mind courted seclusion, excelled in the use of the sonnet, and may very well be recommended to the study of lovers of poetry. The oblivion that has fallen round this refined writer, who died in 1846, is shown by the fact that some of his best pieces are constantly attributed to the living author of the same name.

The greatest error in Mr. Main's volume is that he does not keep to his intention of including sonnets only by deceased poets, but extends his scope, fitfully and without judgment, to a few living writers. Here, where he cannot be guided by traditional opinion,

his want of taste and tact has led him into great absurdities. At least half of the sonneteers from whom he quotes bear names totally unknown even to students of poetry, and some of the best names of our generation are absent. This fact gives a good notion of the calibre of the book, which is learned and eminently laborious, but edited without taste or feeling.

MARY CARPENTER.*

WITH the life of Mary Carpenter passed away one of the most remarkable women of the century. Few persons perhaps realize how much she has helped to develop our more enlightened views upon education and the treatment of the semi-criminal class. Mary Carpenter was born at Exeter, in 1807. When she was ten years old her father, Dr. Lant Carpenter—who will long be held in affectionate remembrance by those who lived under his wise and kind control as a schoolmaster—became one of the ministers of the well-known Unitarian Congregation meeting at Lewins Mead, Bristol. From that time until his death in 1840 Mary Carpenter was first the pupil and then the able assistant of her father's labours. To him she owed an education far more thorough and advanced than falls to the lot of most women. An interesting letter of Dr. James Martineau, who was one of the many eminent men who passed some years at Dr. Carpenter's school, gives us an account of her youthful attainments, in which Latin, geology, natural philosophy, and chemistry appear as part of the daily studies. A marked seriousness of purpose distinguished her from early childhood, and the accuracy and precision that her father's teaching enforced stood her in good stead when later life developed the powers for which she became remarkable. To this early training Mary Carpenter looked back with affectionate reverence. Throughout her life the memory of her father blended consciously with all she did. When nearer seventy than sixty, the impression left on friends in America who then saw her for the first time was that they were "talking with some one's daughter; her words had so much filial reference in them." To quote Dr. Martineau, "a man must be without head or heart who . . . could forget such a master as Dr. Lant Carpenter, or remember him without affectionate veneration." Her father's position naturally brought her into contact with many eminent men, and most of the schemes that owe their origin to Mary Carpenter can be traced to the inspiration furnished to her in her youth by her father's friends. There were other sides of her character on which the home influence told. Both parents had an earnest devotion which showed itself in the marked individualistic way that is often to be found among Nonconformists. Taught from an early age to bring the strictest investigation to bear upon each thought and action, she became self-analytical and conscientious to a very high degree. In later life she could view more calmly the growth of her religious principles; but her diary is filled, while still young, with heartsearching scruples and bitter confessions of shortcomings. After her father's death, which took place when she was thirty-three, Mary Carpenter lived on with her widowed mother at Bristol until 1856, when Mrs. Carpenter died, and her daughter found herself with no home tie remaining and with a sense of loneliness that was at times overwhelming. Her always active life needed the repose that home ties afford to restore the right balance. The interests in Mary Carpenter's life were manifold, but they did not make up for the loss of the ever-ready sympathy that the presence of her mother assured to her. She needed something to supply the feeling that she was needed for her own sake. This she partially gained in later life by adopting a daughter, but whether it completely filled the void is not told. The work, however, of her life left little time to spare for regrets or self-musings. One enterprise led on to another in rapid succession, and running through them all is a vein of unity that enables us to see how each would naturally arise out of the needs and shortcomings of those undertaken before.

Her earliest efforts were directed in 1835 to carrying out in Bristol a plan of Dr. Tuckerman, of Boston, by which the poor of that city were to be more systematically looked after than was then the custom in our English towns. An organization was formed under the name of the "Working and Visiting Society," through which it was hoped the very lowest classes might be reached and helped. This method was that which we are now accustomed to consider the only reasonable one—namely, that regular records were kept, and no relief administered without the sanction of a committee; but in 1835, when it was first introduced into Bristol, the plan was an entirely new one. For more than twenty years Miss Carpenter acted as secretary, and took also an active part in the actual visiting. From the knowledge thus gained of the lowest classes sprang the scheme of the Ragged Schools which first opened the eyes of the public to the needs of our pauper children, and culminated in 1870 in the Elementary Education Act. The battle she fought, however, was long and arduous. Everything had to be done by herself personally. The pivot on which all her hopes turned was the exercise of personal influence over that portion of the population which had been brought up in crime and ignorance from their birth. By no fault of their own these children were brought into the

* *The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter.* By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. London : Macmillan & Co. 1879.

world. Though neglected by the State in the comparative innocence of their early youth, they were certain to come upon the State for maintenance of a more costly kind when ignorance and crime had done its work upon their lives. Year after year she reiterated her pleadings for these Arab children. When her voice was powerless in council, she fell back upon the practical working of her own schemes for reaching a class of children that National and British Schools did not succeed in getting hold of. After a time she gradually became convinced that another kind of school was also needed. The simply ignorant and poverty-stricken outcasts she could reach through Ragged Schools; the children already fallen into habits of vice, but not confirmed in them, had nowhere to go except to prison, where contact with crime in a more pronounced form only encouraged and developed the seed of evil. Reformatory schools were needed; but they must be based upon a system of home life if real reform could be looked for in the children. This was a startling suggestion, at a time when prisons themselves had hardly become humane in their treatment of convicts, and it fell at first upon ears hard of hearing. After many journeys to London to confer with influential people interested in the cause she had at heart, Miss Carpenter determined to open a Reformatory for children of the class she wished to reach, and to undertake the management of it herself. When it could be proved how well such a school answered, she had more hope of convincing those who withheld the whole scheme of reforming institutions. Through the generous help of Mr. Russell Scott, who placed suitable premises at her disposal, and through the liberality of Lady Byron and others who came forward to her aid, she started a school at Kingswood, framed upon plans which were in successful operation at Mettrai and at the Rauhe Haus near Hamburg. Into the working of this school Mary Carpenter threw herself with characteristic energy. A committee was formed, and for some years she retained practical control of the institution. Finding, however, that the union of boys and girls under one roof was not desirable, she shortly afterwards turned her attention to starting another institution for girls only; and without neglecting Kingswood, which now contained boys alone, she opened in 1854 a Reformatory School for girls at Bristol, which became her head-quarters for life. This school she managed solely. The officials were under her, and on her alone fell the whole responsibility. In spite of these new interests and duties, no old ones were allowed to drop. The Ragged School, the Sunday School, and Kingswood continued to draw from her the same close attention and care that she had given to each of them when she first set it on foot. Her heart only seemed to expand with the birth of each fresh scheme for the good of the classes she loved so well, and she who had no children of her own was recognized as a mother by numberless little ones who owned no parent.

It was not by these means alone that she strove to win a place for her undertaking in the public esteem. She was constantly in correspondence with public men upon educational questions. Legislation which should give to Ragged and Industrial Schools the same openings that the National and British Schools then had was the point she especially pressed. Sir Stafford Northcote's Bill of 1857 satisfied her entirely; but its progress was stopped by the dissolution of Parliament, and Sir Stafford Northcote not being returned at the general election, the measure passed into the hands of Mr. Adderley, and was carried through the House of Commons in a different form from that desired by Miss Carpenter. It is true her wishes were not always those that showed themselves to be the wisest when put to the test. The "day-feeding Industrial Schools," which provide food for the children but return them to undesirable home influences in the evenings, have proved to do often more harm than good by shifting from the parents' shoulders the responsibility of providing food for the family, while the children lose the good that entire absence from home might have gained for them. The Ragged Schools at that time had more to be said for them; and if, as Lord Granville wrote in a letter to Miss Carpenter, "all the Ragged Schools for the present and for the future were to have" her as manager, "there would be no difficulty"; but, as it was, numbers of schools and refuges of a less desirable kind were induced by the minute of June 1856 to declare themselves "Ragged or Reformatory Schools," and the national expenditure was increased alarmingly. It is only through seeing the actual working of such measures that their wisdom can be ascertained. Such people as Mary Carpenter are greatly needed to rouse public thought and invigorate public action; but the ultimate conclusion of the nation can only be arrived at through careful consideration of both success and failure on a large scale.

Strong and energetic as Miss Carpenter was in all that touched the welfare of the poor at home, her efforts and enthusiasm were destined to find a wider field. As year after year passed, and the measures she had at heart failed to pass into law, she fell back once more upon interests which had been keenly excited in early youth. In 1833 her sympathies had been kindled towards India by a visit of the Rajah Rammohun Roy to Bristol. This remarkable man had grafted on Hindu learning the larger culture of European thought, and his character fitted him to take the lead among those whom he met. His studies had directed him towards Christianity, which he ultimately embraced, though not in the orthodox form, and the controversy excited by this brought him to England. But he came only to die. With him faded hopes which many had formed for the future of India, but not before they had found a lasting home in the heart of Mary Carpenter. Young as she was

at the time, the aspirations of the Rajah fell as seed into a ground already prepared for the reception of grand projects, through the ardent passion that her father had early aroused in her for Negro emancipation. This seed, however, was not destined to bear fruit until more than thirty years had passed. The delay caused by the slow action of Parliament in educational reform had depressed her in body and mind, and she hailed with delight the return of enthusiasm which the visits of some distinguished natives of India in 1864 again aroused in her. The subject they had at heart was female education. She grasped it at once, and from that day she felt more and more drawn to go herself to India to open the way for the education of native women. Two years were destined to pass before this enterprise was carried out; but when once her enthusiasm was kindled, it never slept until it could be put into practice. In 1866, at the age of fifty-nine, she made her first visit to India, and spent six months in inspecting existing educational agencies, and in setting on foot others that might prepare the way for fresh enterprises. She herself started a free school for the lower classes at Calcutta, and when again she visited India two years later, it was to found a Female Normal School at Bombay and another Native Girls' School at Ahmedabad. Twice more she revisited India, but the difficulties in the way of female education were greater than she had anticipated. The schools she started gradually ceased to interest those to whom they looked for support, and her later visits brought disappointment and discouragement to her hopes of anything like a comprehensive regeneration of the women of India. The last seven years of her life found Mary Carpenter reaping the reward of her labours. Once more she returned to the old work in England with the enthusiasm of her earlier days. Her judgment might sometimes be at fault, but the will and perseverance to carry out her projects never failed her. A visit to America served to show her how far her name had travelled. She repeated there the inspection of schools and prisons, and, until her death in June 1877, continued to bring the same energy and devotion to bear on the questions that had absorbed her through life. When apparently in her usual health one evening she passed away peacefully as she slept.

We have sketched the life of Mary Carpenter at too great a length to be able to do more than glance at the merits of the biography itself. Owing partly to the fact that she was one of those women who become absorbed in their work, and therefore did not touch the outer world on many points, and partly to the fact that, after the early chapters, her biographer has dwelt but slightly on the more private side of her life, the book is too much a continuous account of the successes or failures of her various schemes to be very attractive reading for those who do not care for such questions. Perhaps it is from the desire to lessen this effect that there is a slight strain at effect in the table of contents. To her family the work of Mary Carpenter might easily appear in the light of a sacred call, and each successive step would appear a special leading. The book might have had a keener interest if it had been more varied in its treatment; but in Mary Carpenter herself we shall look in vain for variety. Her strength lay in a single purpose carried out through a long life with single-minded perseverance; the charm that comes from diversity of interest and ready sympathy with people unlike herself could hardly have been hers. But it is the work of such women as Mary Carpenter that will live; and all that mars the recollection of their self-devotion may well be forgotten when death has closed a life that has been nobly consecrated to the welfare of others.

TWO WOMEN.*

WE should have liked this story a great deal more had there been only one woman instead of two, and only two volumes instead of three. The reader would act not unwisely who should skip over the second volume altogether, and pass from the end of the first, where the opening scene of the hero's love-making is brought to a close, to the beginning of the third, where, after an interval of seven years, the curtain draws up on the second and concluding scene. He would not have the slightest difficulty in following the thread of the story were he once informed that in the part which he had omitted was described, at very great length, the love that the hero had made to a very heartless beauty of society. This passage in the life of Mr. Hugh Ludlow we found, we will confess, uncommonly heavy reading. We were the more disappointed with it, and even vexed, as we had gone through the opening volume with much pleasure. Here we had found but little need for skipping. We are not disposed to think any the worse of the author—on the contrary, we ought perhaps to think a good deal the better—because she has not succeeded in giving life to such an artificial creature of society as Miss Cicely Verner. In a slight confusion of metaphors she says that, to the hero's mind, his first love, Dorothy Wilmot, "seemed like some pale image in the distance, eclipsed and almost blotted out by that other dazzling figure." We were not so dazzled by Miss Verner as to allow her either to eclipse or blot out her fair rival. We found her so intolerable and so dull that we could only keep ourselves from falling to sleep, as we read of her, by turning over the pages with the utmost rapidity. We dared not pause for a moment and try to read steadily on, as we knew that the volume would at once fall out of our hands and we should sink into a deep slumber.

* *Two Women.* By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Mildred," "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

Though we think all the better of the author, as we have said, for her inability to render her artificial heroine interesting and lively, yet we cannot but regret that her want of judgment should lead her to attempt a task for which she is but little fit. Let her henceforth leave the Cicely Verners of the world to her sister novelists who know nothing of women but as they are artificial. She has higher powers, and can paint with a skilful hand and a graceful touch woman as she is true to nature. She has not at her command, she ought to know, that profusion of words which is required by the writer who would describe a heartless beauty. She deals in very few words, if indeed in any, which she does not understand. We were a little alarmed almost at the opening of the story by her use of *exordium*. It is a somewhat strange word to apply to "some excellent advice" which a sister gave a brother when he was starting on his journey, and looks a little as if it were confused with exhortation. But, after all, a sister's advice, even if it does not always have an end, must at all events have a beginning, and so perhaps the word is here used with understanding. Later on we came to the dazzling figure that eclipsed and blotted out a pale image. But here we are pretty well at the end of our author's "wealth of words"; and therefore it will be at once acknowledged by every one that she is indeed ill fitted for all the purposes of modern writing. Then, too, she gives no descriptions of scenery. The scene of the first volume she lays in the mountain district of Wales. Her heroine, moreover, is a Cumberland girl, though transplanted to a Welsh parsonage. The girl had the greatest enjoyment of scenery, and liked nothing better than mountains. Strange to say, she seems to have been content with merely climbing them, and never once found it needful to talk about them, still less to describe them. She, poor spiritless creature, would spend a whole afternoon in roaming over the hills with a young Oxonian, without once halting on the top of some lofty hill to bid him admire the tender light, or the shimmering sheen, or the glinting aureole round the violet brow of some purple crag in the opaline west. Now the young reader whose reading carries him back but a few years may very well ask, how are these volumes ever filled when big words and fine descriptions are left out? You might, he would think, as well expect a bladder to become blown if no air were allowed to enter it. Nevertheless, Miss Craik, in spite of her simplicity of taste, does manage to fill two of her volumes in an agreeable enough manner. If we might venture to use a word which, though undoubtedly old, has never yet managed to struggle up into good society, she is a dab at love-making; and love-making, too, of the good old simple school. She takes her hero, the only son of a wealthy country gentleman, into a quiet parsonage for a long vacation's reading. His tutor is a simple elderly widower, with whom is living his orphan niece, Dorothy Wilmot. Under the very nose of the unsuspecting old gentleman the young people make love for almost a whole volume together, and yet he would never have discovered it had it not been for the vigilance of an old servant. He had indeed remarked that the young man in his reading let his thoughts wander in an unaccountable way. "I cannot tell how it is, Mr. Ludlow," he said to him one day, "but it seems to me that you experience a certain difficulty in fixing your mind steadily on your work." He beat about for some while for an explanation of his inattention. "I have wondered whether the extreme quietness of the life you lead with us may possibly have a depressing effect upon you." It is but a small space that the old rector fills in the story; yet his character, if but lightly sketched, is drawn with a good deal of skill. Very touching is his grief when he at length discovered all that had been going on, and felt that he might be reproached by Hugh's father with a breach of trust.

Dorothy's character is charming throughout. She is just one of those girls whom an old fellow may fall in love with for a brief hour, as he reads her story by his fireside, and goes back in his thoughts to the days when all the world was young. We do not like to speak with any tone of authority about lads and lasses and love-making. It is a good many years since Plancus was consul. Yet we are almost bold enough to maintain that Dorothy is too old by a couple of years when the hero—and the reader, too, for the matter of that—first falls in love with her. At the age of nineteen she could not have been so delightful a little simpleton, even though she had passed her childhood in a Cumberlanddale, and had now been living for some while in a lonely Welsh parsonage. Her talks with the hero are admirable. Her utter ignorance of the conventionalities of society at first annoy him, almost as much as they startle him. The first morning after his arrival at the parsonage he rose early, and went to join her in the garden:—

"Good morning! You have got up early, Mr. Ludlow," she said. "I like people who get up early; but I did not expect that you would do it."

"Why not?" he asked, a little piqued by this reception.

"Because I thought you would have town ways," she replied. "You are not country bred. You are a—" she paused for a moment, and glanced at him rather dubiously, "—a fine gentleman, and fine gentlemen don't keep our sort of hours."

"I don't know why you should brand me as a fine gentleman," Hugh said rather quickly.

"Do you mind being called one?" She stopped her flower gathering, and looked up inquiringly in his face. "I didn't suppose you would. I only said it as an experiment."

"As an experiment!" Hugh repeated.

"I mean, I wanted to see if the show fitted."

"Oh!"

And then Hugh felt that he winced a little.

She lets him know that she is not altogether pleased at finding that he was not a boy as she had expected; "I thought," she said, "you would be more of a boy, and awkward, and that you wouldn't know what to do with your hands. It was rather a disappointment." She admits that he may be very nice in another way. "Only when one expects a person to be one thing, and he proves to be something else, it takes a little while to get over it." The chief charm of Dorothy's character in the early part of the story lies in the fact that she "was not boyish in any defiant desire to be so, but only from ignorance, and the circumstances of her bringing-up." She had never had a girl for her friend. The minor proprieties of life were altogether unknown to her; yet there was nothing that she desired more than to learn to be like other girls. "I don't want to be odd; I don't indeed," she earnestly assured the hero. She was always puzzling him as to how he could manage to explain to her the ordinary rules of life, and yet avoid hurting her feelings by showing her that she had broken them. He had been talking one day to her about the theatre, and she had been wondering if ever she should see a play:—

"Perhaps you may. If you ever come up to town, I will get my mother to ask you."

"But I might not like to go with your mother," rather quickly.

"Oh, I would go, too, you know. We would only take my mother with us because—well, because that is how people do things in towns."

"What! take their mothers everywhere with them? Young men?" said Dorothy, opening her eyes wide in surprise.

"No, no, not exactly; that would be too much for the old ladies," Hugh hastened to explain. "But you see, this is how it is; a box holds four people, and if you and my mother and I, and possibly Phoebe, were all to make a party, and till one together, why, that would look comfortable, and—domestic, you know."

After this kind of talk had gone on for a few weeks, and after the young people had spent their afternoons in rambling together over the hills, the hero, as might be expected, says to himself one day, "Charming as Dorothy is, I couldn't fall in love with her if I tried." The experienced reader, of course, knows very well what this means, and is prepared for a very early proposal. The young lovers soon begin to talk over their plans. Hugh is entirely dependent on his father, and so he tells Dorothy that they must wait three years till he had left college. "They wouldn't let me come there, would they?" she asks. Their courtship was, however, discovered by the too watchful old servant, and the lovers were at once separated. Hugh was forbidden even to write to Dorothy. For three years he remained faithful to her, when, unhappily, he was introduced to the dazzling figure that eclipsed and blotted out for a time, not only poor Dolly, but also our interest in the story. In the third volume we find the old rector dead, and the heroine gaining her living as a daily governess in London. One day she goes to Hampstead, but does not, as we had fully expected, meet the faithless Hugh on the Heath. However, she has to return home by the railway, and in a train many a pair of modern lovers have met. It is, however, not at the end but almost at the beginning of the third volume, that these two thus pick up the thread which was snapped many years before. How, the reader may well ask, is the rest of the story filled up? Partly by a cousin of Dorothy's, who turns up from the gold-diggings, and partly by one of those attacks of typhoid fever to which heroes have become of late almost as much exposed as the members of the Royal Family. Then, too, there is a good deal more lively and pleasant talk, so that the third volume, if it is rather long, is nevertheless not often tedious.

How much do we wish that Miss Craik had had the courage to defy the publishers and the proprietors of circulating libraries, and had given us a story in one, or at most in two, volumes. "Let no man," wrote Tristram Shandy, "say—'Come, I'll write a *duodecimo*.'" If no man can venture to say this, it is not certainly reasonable to expect it of any woman. Nevertheless we cannot but feel regret when we see so much that is delightful greatly injured by being joined to so much that is, to say the least, uncommonly dull. However, we must not end with a word of blame. Dorothy's character is so charming that by itself it would be sufficient to give Miss Craik's story a high place among the novels of the present day; and there are other characters besides, which, though not equally important, are yet very cleverly drawn.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT was the most distinguished of those Southern officers in the Federal service who, on the outbreak of the Civil War, chose to adhere to their flag rather than their State. Professional feeling and instinct might well incline men as honest and high-minded as those who took the opposite course to cling to the service in which they had been educated and had spent their lives. But it was by those who preferred the cause of their native States that the proof of loyalty which self-sacrifice can afford was chiefly given. As Farragut was a sailor and no lawyer, it never seems to have occurred to him that his own State, Virginia, had, in joining the Union, expressly reserved the right to secede at pleasure, and that her own citizens therefore, in fighting to deprive her of this right, merited the name of rebels somewhat better than their antagonists. It is fair to say that he did not manifest the senseless virulence in which many Southern renegades outdid the fiercest abolitionists. Two of the most brilliant and important naval exploits of the war—the forcing the passage of the

Lower Mississippi, which was followed by the fall of New Orleans, and led eventually to the practical severance of the Confederacy, and the capture of the forts defending the harbour of Mobile—were achieved by Farragut, and no name in the service rivalled his either in the estimation of his countrymen or in the opinion of foreign observers. Like most American biographies, the present volume (1) is somewhat heavy, lengthy, and overloaded with despatches and letters of no very material interest. This is the more excusable, however, as the work is written by the Admiral's son, to whom naturally every memorial of his distinguished father was precious, and the material of the larger part at least was furnished by the Admiral himself. It is noteworthy that even a Northern Republican shows a pride of ancestry quite as strong as any Englishman of family could do, and the author takes abundant pains to set forth at length the splendid Spanish pedigree claimed by his family, and dwells with no little satisfaction on the welcome given to his father in the island from which the first of the name who settled in America came, and in which the ancient memorials of the Ferreguts are still to be found.

Whatever impartial observers may have thought of Mr. Garrison's long political career, whatever judgment may be passed by history upon the party struggle in which he took for thirty-five years so active and perilous a share, there can be no doubt of his title to a fuller record or literary monument than this comparatively brief and modest biography (2). Among those political enthusiasts who in the whole field of public affairs can see but the one grievance or evil that has seized upon their own imagination, few have been more sincere, more earnest, or in a certain sense more reasonable, than the first apostle of American Abolitionism. Those who condemned the anti-slavery agitation in the North did so on grounds less applicable to Mr. Garrison than to most of his coadjutors, especially to those politicians who in the later period of his career, and perhaps for purposes by no means so single and pure as his own, came to his support. When he began his propagandist work abolitionism was hardly more popular in the North than in the Slave States themselves. To all who cherished the Union as the basis of that national greatness of which they were proud, the security for the attainment of that magnificent future to which they justly looked forward, the agitation was exceedingly unwelcome. There were many who disapproved of it on higher and stronger grounds than those of patriotic ambition. It was a distinct breach of faith, a lawless interference by the citizens of one set of States with the domestic institutions of their confederates, institutions which, when the Union was framed, had been openly and formally accepted. This indeed Mr. Garrison himself would hardly have denied. He and his party appealed to a higher law, but had the honesty to admit that in so appealing they must forfeit all claims resting upon that lower law whose obligations they violently broke—a doctrine which of course condemns their conduct in the Civil War. It is the earlier part of Garrison's career that will seem in history the brightest, most honourable, and least stained by those insincerities and moral inconsistencies from which few politicians are free, but which are especially censurable in those who, standing aloof from the general issues of politics, cannot plead the politician's excuse of necessity. For many years the life of an abolitionist agitator, even in the North, was one of constant danger and suffering, and might at any moment be closed by what certainly deserved the name of martyrdom. Over and over again were the presses of Garrison and his friends destroyed, their meetings interrupted by angry mobs, their lives seriously endangered. He was certainly not open to the charges justly brought against those politicians who took up the cause when it became powerful and comparatively prosperous. That in the course of his career Mr. Garrison did much terrible mischief, that for a long time he rendered the position of the slaves worse than it had been or would have been but for him, that in his denunciations of slave-owners he was neither just, reasonable, nor accurate, is as certain as that the attainment of his paramount object through means which he did not foresee was in great measure due to the impression which the persistent efforts of himself and other men equally resolute and devoted made upon the conscience, feelings, and passions of the Northern people. In his personal character there was as much to admire, as little to disapprove or condemn, as can well be the case with any man engaged in a fierce and angry controversy involving at once the strongest feelings and the deepest practical interests of those concerned in it. The present memoir is well worth reading, will be heartily enjoyed by those who sided more or less warmly with the objects of Mr. Garrison, may be read with patience by those or the descendants of those whom he most deeply injured, and will interest all who can appreciate dauntless moral and physical courage, displayed amid perils perhaps more trying to nerve and spirit than those of the battle-field.

Mr. Daniels's account of the Huguenot settlement in the Nipmuck Country (3), the township now known as Oxford, Massachusetts,

(1) *The Life and Letters of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral of the United States Navy*. By his Son, Loyall Farragut. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(2) *William Lloyd Garrison and his Times; or, Sketches of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America and of the Man who was its Founder and Moral Leader*. By Oliver Johnson. Boston: Russell & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *The Huguenots in the Nipmuck Country; or, Oxford prior to 1713*. By G. F. Daniels. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

is not a little disappointing. No part of the history of American colonization is more profoundly interesting than the narrative of those fugitives from religious persecution in Europe to whom the original settlement of New England was due. The French Huguenots, moreover, deserve a much more unmixed sympathy than can be given to their English congeners and co-religionists. The latter had suffered far less persecution than they inflicted even in England, had manifested at home a spirit more tyrannical than that of Laud or Strafford, and disgraced their cause in New England by persecutions not less savage and much more senseless than those of the Stuarts or the Bourbons. The French Protestants, partly, no doubt, for lack of opportunity, but partly also from a better and more Christian spirit, are free from this indelible stain on the memory of the Puritans. It is not absurd to speak of them in the terms of praise so ridiculously bestowed on the latter as the champions and martyrs of civil and religious freedom. A clear account of a Huguenot colony in New England would therefore be valuable and interesting, if only from the contrast it would necessarily present to the history of its neighbours. Unfortunately, little or nothing seems to be known of the real story of the French settlers in the Nipmuck country. That they were French Protestants, driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled on certain specified lands by a compact between a couple of French speculators in England and certain Puritan grantees of an extensive tract of land in Massachusetts, that they founded a tolerably thriving village, and were driven thence by the Indians—this is almost all that Mr. Daniels can tell us. The story of the French villagers occupies but a very few pages; the rest of the volume contains very uninteresting and unimportant accounts of the squabbles between the grantees and speculators that followed the failure of the attempted plantation. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book consists of a few paragraphs which throw a lurid light on the dealing of the English colonists with the Indian tribes. Savage reprisals may be necessary in savage warfare. They have occurred so often, and stain so equally the dealings of all civilized States with the natives of America, that it would not be worth while to dwell on them. But the deliberate ferocity, the utter contempt for law and justice shown in the execution of Indian chiefs, after a great and regular war, as criminals, is peculiarly characteristic of the temper and ideas of the Puritan administration of Massachusetts and the neighbouring settlements.

Most volumes of the series of *Boston Monday Lectures* contain something that is worth notice from one or another point of view. Perhaps the series of addresses on Labour (4), delivered by Mr. Joseph Cook, is as valuable or as entertaining as any. The latter word is certainly the more applicable to the author's reasoning on the employment of women. That the weaker sex should be, with certain restrictions, permitted to engage in any labour that is not injurious to their health or character is an assumption that will be more generally accepted than the odd condition imposed by the lecturer—that a public authority should be entitled to pronounce what occupations women can safely undertake, and that they should be legally confined to these. But what is still more extraordinary is the cool pretension, not argued but simply laid down, that restrictions imposed on female labourers in the interests of morality or of public health should not interfere with the amount of their remuneration; that is, that employers should be compelled to pay for inferior service at the same rate as superior, because the inferiority is due to the disadvantages at which the weaker sex are placed by nature.

Under the title *Two Sides of the Atlantic* (5) Mr. Burnley gives a sort of half-connected narrative, evidently in large part fictitious, of travel in the United States, sketches of the more familiar aspects of life in American streets, hotels, and villages, with a variety of remarks intended to be comic or sarcastic, but sometimes a little wanting alike in point and in humour. To these are appended, not very appropriately, a set of similar sketches of the life of an English manufacturing town, under the title of "Bradford Night Scenes," which contains perhaps as much that will be new to the ordinary English reader as the Transatlantic sketches.

The *Chicago Reporter* (6) gives, without intending it, an exceedingly unpleasant impression of the character of that journalism of which he proclaims himself a representative. There is scarcely one of his narratives which could by any possibility have appeared in any English newspaper, except perhaps one or two of the worst of those recent imitations of the Transatlantic press which go by the name of "society" journals.

In simple, modest, brief, and unaffectedly written volume (7) Mr. Myers, a Jewish minister, gives an account of the religious and quasi-religious customs and ceremonies of his people as they now exist, referring by way of illustration and explanation to their past history and to the fuller and very different ritual of

(4) *Boston Monday Lectures.—Labor; with Preludes on Current Events*. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *Two Sides of the Atlantic*. By James Burnley. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(6) *Suppressed Sensations; or, Leaves from the Note-Book of a Chicago Reporter*. Illustrated. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(7) *The Jews, their Customs and Ceremonies; with a Full Account of all their Religious Observances from the Cradle to the Grave*. By the Rev. E. M. Myers. New York: R. Worthington. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

Palestine while the Temple still existed and the strict observance of the law was possible. So little is known, even by most well-informed Christians, respecting either the tenets or the distinctive observances of the most peculiar of all existing sects—a sect which is at the same time a nation, and which derives its creed and ceremonies from an antiquity so remote and so splendid—that this little work ought to be widely popular, as we doubt not it will be in some sense useful. Though the Jews for obvious reasons excite, in England at least, neither the hostility nor the distrust entertained by Protestants for Roman Catholics, or by the Roman Catholics of Continental countries for Protestants, they are still regarded with a sort of cold, ignorant dislike and distrust which, if in some measure explained by their exclusiveness and by their supposed rather than their real business and social characteristics, certainly find no justification either in their religious opinions or in the morality that is connected with them.

Among many valuable works that have issued from the "Riverside Press" of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a complete edition of the known and supposed works of Chaucer (8) deserves especial notice. It is contained in three well-printed octavo volumes, prefaced by a brief but very useful sketch of the poet's life, works, and times, and a yet briefer and not less useful exposition of the peculiarities of the English of his age. We have also, what will be very welcome to a large number of readers, an explanation of the meaning of those astrological terms with which very few but antiquaries are nowadays familiar.

The fourth annual volume of the Transactions of the American Public Health Association (9) possesses an especial interest and value on account of the records it contains of the late fearful outbreak of yellow fever in the Mississippi Valley. The opinions and even the experience of different writers and practitioners appear greatly to vary. The spontaneous generation or invariable importation of the disease, the utility or inutility of quarantine, the germinal or inorganic character of the virus, are points upon which the most contradictory views are expressed and maintained by evidence collected with equal care, and in equal abundance, on either side. This, however, must be the case so long as the general question of contagion and the origin of specific fevers remains an unsettled question, and will in nowise diminish the interest of the Transactions for professional students.

Dr. Dawson's *Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives* (10) does not deserve the less attention because the author's theories and inferences are on many points somewhat heterodox. He contends, for example, very earnestly against the doctrine which distinguishes clearly and sharply between the Palæolithic and Neolithic ages, insisting that polished and unpolished stone weapons may well have been used at the same time and in the same communities for different purposes, and that, after the introduction of metals, the ruder were likely to survive the finer forms of the antiquated instruments. A special value attaches to that considerable portion of the volume which deals with American, and especially with Canadian, prehistoric antiquities. Here again the author takes a view contrary to that generally adopted by archaeologists. He supposes that the prehistoric civilization of America, if not less ancient than is commonly supposed, was not so utterly disconnected with the more modern history of the continent; that the Mound-Builders were exterminated by races still existing at the time of the discovery of Columbus, indeed at a still later period; that not very long before the French and Spanish conquests nations of great power, and much more civilized than the wild Indian tribes with which the English colonists first came into collision, extended over the greater part of what is now the United States; that war and other causes had been continuously for many ages wasting and depopulating the continent. Many of his most important facts and most interesting specimens have been collected from the buried ruins of the forgotten city or town of Hochelaga, an Indian fortress which occupied a considerable portion of what is now the site of Montreal, and was still existing when the first French expedition made its way up the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Theodore Woolsey's *Communism and Socialism* (11) is not more correctly than modestly described by its author as a mere sketch; and the subject is one that can hardly be dealt with within limits so narrow. The volume contains little or nothing that is new, even the existing or extinct communities in America whose various theories, principles, and practices it describes, being known to English readers from fuller and not less trustworthy accounts.

Dr. Benjamin Taylor's *Summer-Savory* (12) is a collection of sketches of scenery and social life written in a light and pleasant style, which is perhaps most agreeable when it does not aim at professed pleasantry or half-sarcastic

(8) *The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer; to which are appended Poems attributed to Chaucer.* Edited by A. Gilman, M.A. 3 vols. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(9) *Public Health Reports and Papers.* Vol. 5. Presented at the Meetings of the Public Health Association in the Years 1877-78. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives.* By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.

(11) *Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory.* A Sketch. By Theodore D. Woolsey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *Summer-Savory, Gleaned from Rural Nooks in Pleasant Weather.* By Benjamin F. Taylor, LL.D., Author of "The World on Wheels," &c. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

humour. The name of Mr. Bayard Taylor is sufficient to secure readers for the collected volume of his poems (13). Dr. Ticknor's posthumous volume of verse (14) is chiefly noticeable for its strong Southern and martial spirit. Few of the pieces possess very striking merit; all are short, simple, and unpretentious.

Of those works which can hardly be called literature in the general sense we have this month a treatise on operative surgery (15), by Dr. Stephen Smith, the surgeon of two New York hospitals; a monograph on the Interoceanic Ship Canal (16) across the Isthmus of Panama; a treatise on the Strength of Wrought-iron and Chain Cables (17); and the convenient and useful American Almanac for 1880 (18), containing a very valuable mass of statistical information.

(13) *The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor.* Household Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(14) *The Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M.D.* Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1879.

(15) *Manual of the Principles and Practice of Operative Surgery.* By Stephen Smith, A.M., M.D., Surgeon to Bellevue and St. Vincent Hospitals, New York. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(16) *The American Interoceanic Ship Canal Question.* By Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U.S.N. Philadelphia: Hammersly & Co. London: B. F. Stevens. 1880.

(17) *Experiments on the Strength of Wrought-Iron and of Chain Cables.* By Commander L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N. Revised and abridged by W. Kent, M.E. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(18) *American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial, and Political, for the year 1880.* New York: American News Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Candidates must be aged 18, and hold their Names, Addresses, and Certificates of Baptism, with Testimonials of Conduct and Character, on or before the 1st day of August, to CHARLES SHAW, Esq., 1 Plover Buildings, Temple, London, E.C. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, Natives of Wales, or one of the four Welsh Dioceses, under Twenty Years of Age, upon the 10th day of October, acquainted with the Welsh Language, and interested in becoming Candidates for Holy Orders.

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The Exhibition will be tenable (during Residence) for Four years by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his election is not legally a Member of either University, and will in his case date from Matriculation; and by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his election is legally a Member of either University, till the close of the Term in which the Degree of Bachelor of Arts is due to the Holder.

February 16, 1880.

SOMERSETSHIRE COLLEGE, BATH.—AN EXAMINATION will be held on June 29 and 30, to elect to Seven Entrance Scholarships.—T. M. BROMLEY, M.A., Head-Master.

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3. Botany. Prof. P. BENTLEY. On Mondays, at 3 P.M. To begin, Monday, April 19.

4. English History (Eighteenth Century). By HENRY CRAIK, B.A. On Wednesdays, at 10 A.M. To begin Wednesday, April 21.

5. Greek. By Rev. A. W. MILROY, M.A. On Tuesdays, at 3 P.M. To begin Tuesday, April 20.

6. Mathematics. By Rev. T. A. COKE, M.A. On Mondays, at 4 P.M. To begin Monday, April 19.

7. Physiology. By Mrs. E. BOYELL-STURGE, M.D. On Wednesdays, at 3.15 P.M. To begin Wednesday, April 21.

8. Geography. By Prof. H. G. SEELEY, F.R.S., F.G.S. On Saturdays, at 10 A.M. To begin Saturday, April 24.

9. Harmony. By JOHN HULLAN, LL.D., and HENRY GADSBY, Esq. On Tuesdays and Fridays, at 1.30 P.M. To begin Tuesday, April 20.

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Boarders are received in connexion with the College. For particulars apply to the SECRETARY.

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I S L E O F W I G H T C O L L E G E . The NEXT TERM will commence at Nine o'clock on Friday, April 30.

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All particulars from J. W. FARDELL, Secretary, Cambrian House Offices, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

L A N C A S T E R S C H O O L.—N E X T T E R M begins on May 6.

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Candidates must be Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin University, and in Priest's Orders at the time of Election, or within three months after the appointment. The Head-Master's house contains accommodation for Seventy Boarders.

Testimonials will be received at Malvern by the SECRETARY of the College, not later than April 15; and he will in the meantime supply any further information that may be desired.

U N I V E R S I T Y o f L O N D O N . PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION—MARCH 1880.

NOTICE is Herby Given, that the Vice-Chancellor of the University of London will proceed to the ELECTION of a MEMBER to serve in PARLIAMENT for the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, on Tuesday, March 20, at Eleven o'clock precisely, in the University, Burlington Gardens. All Graduates whose Names are on the Register of Convocation are invited to attend at such Time and Place.

(Signed) JOHN LUBBOCK, VICE-CHANCELLOR,

March 21, 1880. Returning Officer.

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